

THE
DARK BLUE.

JULY, 1872.

JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.

AN IMAGINATIVE STUDY OF CREEDS.

IN SIX DIVISIONS.

DIVISION V.

BARON TORRIANO and Israel returned to the same room within a few minutes; Israel's face shone like that of the first man when he beheld the first woman, an undefinable grace, beauty, and manliness hovered over it; he seemed to stand more erect, and his eyes' lustre gleamed with almost supernatural brightness. In Israel had been stirred that mightiest and divinest feeling—the love of the other sex! That smile of recognition had told him one human heart can beat for another with a holy longing, culminating in a chaste embrace; that a heart can be given and taken; that a soul can cling to a soul; that this unison can create a happy desire to be but part of that other, to see, feel, strive, and live with that other in the sacred combination nature has designed for us. Poor Israel knew nothing of the degraded use we make of nature's most precious feelings; what he had seen in Paris had not troubled him, for his heart had not responded, however great the temptation; now it was otherwise—he would have overcome the obstacles of a Hercules to reach that one heart—for reach it he *must*!

The visitors started when they saw Israel; he could not but create the impression that he was one of the handsomest men you could behold, and possessed of such unbounded active wealth that he became almost a semi-god.

His Royal Highness spoke a few kindly sentences, 'hoped to receive Mons. Torriano, would give him admission anywhere, and trusted that

he would make a long stay, perhaps settle in England, the best country in the world for using capital such as Mons. Torriano's.' His Royal Highness departed. His Grace had been in altercation with the Lord Mayor on some political question; they were both strong Conservatives, but clashed continually; with the one Conservatism meant power, with the other money. Both addressed Israel, anxious he should come to His Grace's palace and to the Mansion House. Israel smiled.

'And if I accept your invitation, gentlemen, you will have a sorry guest, for I am very eccentric, and ran counter to all social usage in Paris.'

Israel spoke his English like a foreigner, to whom the language had been bequeathed in early infancy. It was as a little child his mother had taught it him, and intercourse with an old English clerk in the counting-house at Jerusalem had kept up the knowledge of it.

His Grace's aristocratic politeness, and the blunter courtesy of the City man, however, assured Israel that he would be a welcome guest anyhow, and that English people always respected other folk's eccentricities, possessing such a goodly share of their own. Both went, and there was left that venerable man, whose kindly eye told of a large heart within, whose whole life had been passed in sympathy with others, who had never refused help when asked for it, and who had given dignity to a faith which many moderners ridiculed, because they misunderstood the grand old bearings of its influence on mankind, and never had comprehended that, shorn of all outer superfluous garments of ceremony, Judaism stood out in the world's history as the great champion of individuality and all the virtues it implanted in man and woman,—naturally also showing the vices it occasioned when carried too far.

'Israel Torriano,' said the old man, 'I saw thee in Palestine when thou wert a stripling; dost remember me?' Sir Moses looked low down into Israel's eyes.

Israel returned the glance, and as if some sharp instrument had touched him, he started and said:

'Oh yes, now I know, you were angry with me!'

'Dost remember why?'

'Because I despised money-making, and had my own ideas on the Nazarene's philosophy even then.'

'Even then; and art thou not cured? I did not call it money-making, I called it *work*, and thou never wouldst work, Israel, like thy father; as for the other, that philosophy kills our faith and our race.'

'No, Sir Moses, never; rightly understood, it supplements it and purifies it. Men are now looking for new directions; men are fools; humanity can only progress on the old principles it has started, but then they must remain principles, not become combinations of churches or cliques.'

‘What dost mean, Israel?’

‘That, as I understand it, Judaism did give separate dignity to the individual, much higher than any other ancient nation, and that the Nazarene’s philosophy, rightly comprehended, modified this individualism, by teaching us the value of our neighbour, or socialism in a higher sense.’

‘I do not know what thou meanest, Israel; I believe I am too old for all this now; I shall remain Jew, and die in the faith of my father.’

‘Do you think, Sir Moses, I shall recant? oh, no, you do not understand the baptism of the spirit; I feel I have had that, I need no more. I shall live and die a Jew.’

‘Israel, really,’ and the old man took excitedly the young man’s hands, ‘tell me so, tell me, I shall never see thee stand there and forswear your father’s, my best friend’s, religion?’

‘Never, Sir Moses; why should I, there is no need. The inner man must conceive truth, not the outer man proclaim it by ceremonies. I am what I am, and I believe I understand Jesus of Nazareth better than many so-called Christians, who profess to be his followers by right.’

Tears rolled down the old man’s furrowed cheeks.

‘Israel, Israel, thou art the same fanciful stripling I knew years ago. Thou makest me weep, for I do not know what to do with thee; promise me one thing, thou wilt never be baptized?’

‘Never, Sir Moser, never; why should I?’

‘For no one, Israel, for no Christian woman; for thy temptations here will be great.’

Israel started again, thought for a moment, raised himself up, and said with fiery eye and proud bearing:

‘Never, for no one.’

‘I am satisfied, Israel; come and see thy old friend; Torriano there knows where I live. Thou wilt be welcome in my home.’

He too went, and the cousins were left alone.

‘Now, Mr. Israel, this was dreadful; here are my horses prancing, while you and Sir Moses went off in ecstasies about things of no consideration whatever. Who would be such a fool to turn Christian, when he is better off as a Jew. There, do leave off philosophising. I believe under all this philosophical unrest, you are a very good sensible fellow. If I do not carry you away now, we shall have another swarm of visitors. Come, quick, I have to show you much.’

Israel and his cousin passed through London, looked at some of the principal points of interest in a hasty way, and drove to the City. Baron Torriano was anxious Israel should see the place where such vast money transactions were carried on. Here Israel was introduced, at the Baron’s office, to some of the first money notabilities of the day. It

astounded him not a little to hear such fabulous sums mentioned, all the quarters of the globe spoken of as if they were next door, and see himself addressed as one surely acquainted with every bourse transaction in Europe. He turned away, listless and fatigued, beginning almost to hate the very name of money. The Baron's friends and business relations shrugged their shoulders, and looked upon Israel as a lunatic, a man who disgraced the famous name he bore.

'I see you are tired, cousin;' said the astute Baron. 'Come now, we'll shorten business to-day, and I will return home with you early. You shall come with me to the park.'

'I should like to walk through a few of your streets: really this driving will not suit me, I like to see life as it is, not as it seems.'

'Come along. Good morning, gentlemen; hope to see you at dinner to-night, Baron Teller; and you, cousin Francis; and you, brother.'

The brother-in-law smiled.

'Clever fellow, Baron Torriano,' he said; 'but he'll not hook that fish. He means to speculate with Israel's money, and I say he won't.'

'Don't think so either,' chimed in Baron Teller; 'don't like the fellow; hate peculiar notions and that sort of thing; upon my word, I believe the man despises us, because we like to earn our daily bread.'

'And a little butter on it; eh, Teller? Think of that Turkish stock affair, last week. I say you did me;' responded Torriano's brother-in-law.

'Well, you had your eyes open, hadn't you?'

Baron Torriano and Israel had gone out near the Exchange; suddenly Israel took hold of the Baron's arm, and said sternly:

'Cousin, what is this? Look at those children, ragged and dirty. What? Do you here in England bring up thieves and beggars by trade? Surely this is impossible, why, you load yourself with criminals. I did see abroad poverty and misery, but somehow, the children never struck me such as these. Let us speak to the little fellows; poor children—no shoes, ragged and torn clothes, knees out, hair matted, sickly coloured faces. God help me, Torriano, this is frightful, when I have just listened to such transactions as you all have been carrying on. I don't understand it. What does it mean? Are these English laws?'

'We don't make laws about such things; it is the natural course of affairs in the world. You must have lunatics and paupers in a state.'

'I say you mustn't have children actually driven into vice. Go on, dainty man; I *will* speak to these poor boys.'

Israel could really do nothing without attracting attention, such an undefinable charm was about him: and when he bent down to

the urchins, whose eyes glistened at such a fine gentleman speaking to them, there came around him flower girls and porters, street sellers, newspaper and telegraph boys, tradesmen's lads with their parcels, busy clerks hurrying to and fro from their counting-houses; even stately city merchants stood still, while Baron Torriano quickly escaped this incongruous throng.

'Well, boys, why are you here in this state; have you no father or mother?'

'Please, sir, we be brothers; mother's dead this two years, and father gets drunk.'

'Does he not look after you, or does not some one take you to school?'

'Oh, father got enough to do with hisself; we are orphans like, and must shift as well as we can.'

'What do you mean?'

'We pick up what we can; do go sometimes to the ragged school, but then he do whop us so; can't stand it.'

Loud laughter from the bystanders. Israel could not quite comprehend all this.

'You tell me, boys, that you are allowed to grow up in this fashion; why, it would be training you to thieves.'

'P'rhaps, don't know what we mightn't come to. Who *should* care for us; it's nobody's business, sir—got a copper?'

'You young rascals, you can ask for money.'

'Well, sir, what d'ye 'spect from street vagabons?' said one, sagaciously; 'we isn't taught better.'

'Why don't you go to school?'

'Got none, only the ragged one, and that ben't smart, like; we goes sometimes.'

Israel turned to a bystander.

'Is it true that you allow one single child to run wild in England, like this?'

'Law, sir, they's used to it; it does them good.'

'Then, I say you are an unchristian [nation. Jesus said, "Let the little ones come unto me," and here you allow the germs of the future generation to grow up like wild beasts?' This was spoken to those around him with thundering accents.

A loud 'Haw! haw!' followed the speech. The police now came up and some of the crowd went.

'Oh, it's only a missionary; Lord bless you, there's plenty of them about. I thought he was a swell and would give the boys a sov. It's no use preaching, you must be doin' something for them.'

'Come along, boys,' said Israel, and called for a cab.

The cab came, and Israel got in with the boys. 'To Piccadilly,' he called out.

The boys were in high glee; they nodded politely to the last bystanders, as if they dismissed them.

'He's a rum 'un, to take them boys to Piccadilly. Lord bless 'un, they'll be provided for by the genteel sort now. It does make me laugh. They takes up one or two and makes reformatories for a couple of hundred, and there are thousands swarming about. It's the lots they must catch; look ye here, sir.' And the broad-shouldered man, who had delivered this speech, called to Israel as they were driving off, 'Go ye down and tell that ere fine Parliament of ours, and them fine lords and bishops, to make haste and open some big places as is shut up and opens on Sunday for nothin', 'cause no one goes in 'em, and bring in the little children and teach 'em to earn their bread, and then, sir, you'll have done some good. We wants a big, large reformation, we does; the money tables kicked down, as you is a kind of missionary, and God's Word set up; there now. I'm but a working man, but if I were on them soft benches in Westminster I'd thunder away till something was done.'

The words died away after the cab, and the boys bobbed their heads from each side, in sign of leave taking.

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The cab was stopped all at once; Baron Torriano, who had been waiting for the upshot, came to the door, looking anything but pleasant.

'Israel, you are making a fool of yourself; I'll give these boys a shilling, let them go!

'No, cousin, they won't hurt you; you go home by yourself. I'll take them with me.'

'You are mad, Israel, you may catch some disease and bring it to us!'

'Oh, that's it; you are afraid to mix with the poor, I am not. I wish I could live with them always.'

'And give up all your acquaintances; *all*, Israel?'

Israel coloured deeply; 'Yes,' he said, with desperation.

'In an hour I shall fetch you to ride in the Row; you must be seen there. Pray dispose of them before then, you may meet friends there!' said the Baron significantly, as he moved off, to enter another cab and go his own way.

'Here, Pedro, is a present for you, said Israel, as they got home. Two English boys from the streets, whom no one sees to. Will *you* take care of them?'

'Oh, but they are dirty, señor, give them some money and let 'em go; they'll know what to do with it.'

'Pedro, even you want to buy all and pay all with money. Did I so deal by you?'

'No, señor, but we can do them no good.'

'I don't know, I shall see ; go and have them washed, and then we'll give them decent clothes.'

'Oh, I can't touch them.'

A knock at the door, in came the superfine manager of the hotel.

'If you please, sir, much as we value such high custom as yours, we really must beg such creatures as these are left in the hall. We do not know what they may not bring into the house.'

'Then I'll take the whole house, and let the others go.'

'Very generous of you, sir, but that would ruin our custom, and the beggars would still remain.'

'Then I'll go elsewhere !'

'No respectable person will take you in on such conditions, whatever you pay.'

'Sir, are these then outcasts of society, in a Christian land ?'

'Oh, dear no, but they must be put into their right places.'

'Very well sir, it is your house, your wishes shall be obeyed ; but please leave the room.'

This was said authoritatively, for Israel could command when he liked.

The manager went ; Israel called the boys.

'Come here, lads ; what shall I do with you ? You see you cannot stop here, your natural father is no good, the country does nothing for you, and there seems no home to be found. Where shall I send you ?'

The poor boys looked wistfully at him.

'Don't send us to father, for he beats us unless we bring home tin from begging. Please sir, can't we stay with you, you do look kind like,' said the eldest boy, his big blue eyes swimming with tears.

A great wave of divine emotion came over Israel, he looked at these lost children of our modern civilisation ; and Israel Torriano, the great eastern banker, wept over the neglected ones of mankind.

'Pedro,' said Israel, 'I am ashamed of you !—you, risen from the people—you, to forget that you have been in rags yourself !'

Pedro stood sulkily at the door. Fine clothes, good living, and civilised company, had begun to convert Pedro's honest gipsy heart into a callous compound of superficial gentility.

'Come with me, my children ; we shall see what money can do.'

Israel went out with the ragged boys, who looked up at him as if he were of divine origin. Pedro shook his fist after them.

'Drat the brats ! How dare they come between me and my master ! Filthy English beggars, who wants them here ? I'll get rid of them.'

Israel stalked up Piccadilly, and asked the next policeman for a bath, then for a boys' clothes shop. The policeman smiled, and looked at the boys.

'In clover, me lads, ain't ye now? That genl'man looks as if he wouldn't mind a five pun' note.'

But the boys did not seem to care; they looked up at Israel, and smiled gratefully, before they had even received his bounty.

The bath was reached, the boys were washed, and the tailor's shop had supplied the necessary clothing; who would have believed the boys to be the same? They looked like little princes, and hung to Israel's skirts, that his heart swelled with pleasure, while he began to understand fully that something was wrong somewhere with us. If water, soap, and a decent jacket, would so metamorphose beggar children into respectable beings, what might not teaching do? The next thing was a pastrycook's. But do what he would Israel could not persuade the boys to eat more than a penny bun each. They seemed far more anxious to remain with him and near him, and a kind of pride had taken possession of them that they should behave worthy of their outward appearance.

'Look here, boys, now we'll go home again.'

This time they walked back. When the waiter opened the door, he said: 'Will the young gentlemen dine with you, sir?'

Now the 'young gentlemen.' 'Good God!' thought Israel, 'is this the way Christian children are dealt by?'

He ordered dinner, merely to please the boys, and was about to sit down himself when Baron Torriano rushed into the room:

'This is too bad! I have waited one hour for you, cousin. The horses are saddled, and the best time in the Row will be over. Who are these?' pointing to the smart-looking boys.

'The beggar lads you despised.'

Baron Torriano gave a long whistle.

'Really, cousin Israel, Moses was right; you are the most eccentric being I ever met with.'

'I don't think so. I begin rather to imagine that I am sensible, while others are eccentric. The world does seem a little topsy-turvy here as elsewhere. But you shall not complain, I will come with you. Look here, boys, you eat your dinner; here is some money for you, go home afterwards and come back to-morrow.'

Both boys began to whimper. 'Please don't send us away, we'll be very good; any corner will do for us to sleep in. Father will take our clothes away and sell 'em, and take the money too, and beat us into the bargain. Please sir, don't send us away.'

'Torriano! Heaven help me, if ever I came across such a father it would go hard with him and me,' said Israel, white with anger.

'Plenty to be found in the slums of London; I cannot conceive why you make such a fuss about it.'

'Pedro shall make up a bed for you when he comes home.'

‘Please, sir, he don’t like us ; he shook his fist at us. May we wait in the Park till you reach home ; we are used to be out all nights.’

‘Poor lads ; well, wait as long as you may in the Park, and be back at eleven.’

‘Thank you, sir, thank you ; we’ll go now, we’ve eaten enough.’

Israel grasped his cousin’s arm. ‘Torriano, something tells me that I shall one day come into conflict with society ; I wish I had never left Olivet. I am not fit for this.’

‘Nonsense, come along ; the Row will make you forget it.’

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The Row ! We go into ecstasies about many things, but often miss that sublime poetry created by the unison of refined humanity and natural beauty ; the Row in Hyde Park presents one of those unisons ! You might, had you but a small portion of imaginative power, spin out thousands of charming tales out of such elements. Sitting on a summer’s eve close to the bright green of the sward under the shade of the trees, near pretty gambolling children, looking at graceful women and handsome men, who would not forget beggars and misery, trouble, death, want, vice and crime ? They are here, stowed away out of reach, and whose head would it trouble in the Row that much of that refined humanity owes its existence to the rags on the other side ? Once, more equalised, the rags will disappear and also the ultra-natural refinement, but out of such an equalisation will arise the bright spirit of real humanity as designed by the Creator and proclaimed by Him of Nazareth !

The charm of the scene told on Israel ; the Bois of Paris had left him cold—had rather palled on him ; but the Row pleased him, charmed him, enticed him out of himself. Israel Torriano rode well, as he did everything manly, well ; people knew the Baron and nodded at him, and people stared at Israel.

‘Who can that be ?’ asked one and another. ‘Look, the Earl of Harrow’s daughter is riding up with her father ; who in the world is he, that the old beau deigns to notice him ?’

At that moment a beautiful girl cantered with an old man, towards the Baron and Israel ; it was *she*, an earl’s daughter ! The old beau was the elderly gentleman whom Israel had seen at the Frankfort Station. Israel, Israel, that tell-tale blood rushed to your face ! a small strip was still round the hand, cut that morning to catch a glimpse at that form in the carriage ; Israel, where were all the resolutions to remain a contemplative being ? Gone, gone, instead of them one supreme longing filled Israel’s soul, to be near that exquisite shape and that speaking face.

‘Well, Baron, how do ye do ?’ exclaimed the Earl ; ‘not seen you for

a long time. Lucky fellow, gained that last Derby again ; to be sure where money is, money comes.'

'Then I'm afraid, papa, it will never come to us ;' pertly joined in his daughter.

'Tut, miss, don't expose weaknesses before strangers.'

It reminded the Baron of his duty.

'My Lord, my cousin, Israel Torriano, from the East, he arrived yesterday in London.'

My Lord raised his eyebrows, and said significantly :

'Well sounding, glorious name, glorious place the East ; happy to see you, Mr. Torriano. My daughter.'

But Israel was already by the lady's side.

'Oh, we have met before, at the station in Frankfort ; we joined hands in Samaritan work,' retorted the young dame.

Israel seemed dumb ; his eyes rested on the Earl's daughter, and appeared powerless to be removed.

'Oh, now I remember, Gertrude, I did see you speak to a gentleman ; does Mr. Torriano speak English ?' this was addressed to the Baron, for Israel had not yet said a word.

'Pardon me, my Lord, the pleasure to meet your daughter again, made me forget to thank my cousin for the introduction !'

The Earl liked the reply ; he glanced at Israel, and at his daughter.

'Come on, Baron, we'll have a canter together, the new friends can follow us.'

And he was riding by *her* side ; so near something, which he could not define, which he had ignored in his life, something that made all his nerves tingle, all his blood boil, all his heart-strings quiver, something that would have made him rather renounce life than give up that place to another ! The women he had looked coldly upon were avenged, for Israel's passion would be immeasurable when once aroused ; with him love had not been frittered away in a hundred minor or guilty and frivolous connections !

'Tell me, man or woman, *has* God allowed the male to despise the female so much that the former may wear off the brightness of love by a hundredfold illicit connections, and then expect the latter to join hands with him in her pure virginity ? Shall the woman alone be chaste and a willing slave to man's passion ? The universe cries 'No, no, no !' the higher claim mankind puts in above the brute is nought, unless the great principle is acknowledged that the sexes must be judged alike, and that man has become unchaste only because he has indulged his idea of supremacy to such a degree that, for him alone, the female portion of creation seemed made at all, having no original claim to independent existence ; that, if he chose, woman may be his slave in vice, or his com-

panion in virtue—his mistress or his wife! Raise up the woman; proclaim her equality in the human status, not because she belongs to that class, whom man requires to be virtuous as his wife, mother, sister, or daughter individually, but because she is a woman, an integral creation of her own, a being endowed with qualities as great as man's, if various; a part and particle of the whole as well as man, without whom creation would be incomplete! Once recognise that man *can* live without this irresponsible indulgence of passion, that means *can* be taken to educate man to virtue and to subdue excessive desires, whose victim woman *must* be, and the world is saved. Other pleasures will be sought after, pleasures that will not ruin one portion of mankind socially while they pass harmlessly over the other, leaving it free from reproach! What a holy compact is marriage between a virtuous man and woman; not between a man who has passed through the furnace of our modern civilisation and then thinks himself fit, *roué* as he is, to lead to the altar a blushing young girl coming to him fresh and lovely from the garden of Eden, but between a man who holds out his pure manly hand to his helpmate, and who knows that he would have no right to claim what ought never to be his due. Let us go back centuries and learn chastity from the early Teuton, the finest race of the time, so says even the Roman historian, whom he subdued!

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The ride was over. Israel hurried home to dress, dined with his cousin's family; was radiantly happy, kind and pleasant to all, and consented to accompany the Baron and Baroness to the opera.

They entered those gorgeous precincts, and beheld in the box opposite, the Earl and his daughter; Gertrude in a plain white evening dress. The white dress of the French Countess had not touched Israel's heart, the dress of the young English girl did; it seemed to float around her like white seraph wings and enhance her beauty a thousand fold.

'There is the Earl and his daughter,' said Israel, anxiously.

'We'll go across presently,' chimed in the Baron, knowing well where was Israel's desire.

Gertrude looked a little confused, just blushed a little as they entered. Israel became again dumb. The Italian music sounded through the house; the Italian artists did their best to personate love and hate in the swelling chords of musical harmonies,—it was all the same to Israel Torriano. He stood behind Gertrude's chair, and his soul swam in elysium. To hear her voice, to feel her breath, to contemplate her beauty was more heavenly than the finest music.

'Papa, dear, the Duke is bowing to us.'

'Bother him, I'm getting tired of his fussy ways.'

'You did not say so yesterday, papa.'

'Oh, bah ; after all he's poor; no match for you, Gertrude.'

Gertrude felt ashamed, though she might have been used to it ; for the Earl had sold three daughters to the highest bidder, and was trying to sell the fourth. Gertrude had never felt the degradation of it so much as now.

'Do you love the Duke?' asked Israel, hoarsely.

'What do you mean, Mr. Torriano?'

'Because if you do, say so, and I'll leave the opera at once.' Israel stared at her.

The Earl and Baron were deep in horse racing, at the back of the box.

'Pardon me, you are insulting me!'

'Lady Gertrude, I am in earnest ; tell me, and tell me at once, tell me this moment?'

Here was love-making with a vengeance.

'Mons. Torriano——'

'Say, Israel!'

'I cannot, it would not be proper.'

'Say it, I'm only an Eastern Jew ; we are all eccentric.'

'Israel Torriano, pardon me, you are very rude!' and Gertrude laughed a silvery laugh.

'Lady Gertrude, say Israel.'

'Israel!'

'Good night ; I'm going, I cannot stay any longer, or I shall tell you I don't know what. Oh, do say Israel again?'

'Israel——'

'Lady Gertrude, Gertrude, good night ; don't let them follow me. Listen, to-morrow I'll come to see you at your house, when will you receive me?'

'Any hour.'

'Really? Then wait for me ; good night, good night, Gertrude.' Israel bowed to the Earl and Baron, and abruptly left the box.

'What an eccentric fellow, this cousin of yours. Is that the famous eastern Torriano?'

'Yes, my Lord ; worth, worth—I could not tell.'

'Eccentric, very eccentric ; still one might put up with a great deal. Evidently smitten with Gertrude. Bah, Jew or no Jew, what does it matter? I might then bet *ad infinitum* ;' this the Earl said inwardly—outwardly he smiled.

'Should like to see you both at my house, come and dine to-morrow, never mind the short invitation.'

'I might answer for myself, but I could not for my cousin ; he is beyond my management, so I found to my cost to-day.'

'Well, well ; we'll expect you.'

The Baron went, and the Earl turned to his daughter.

'Gertrude, you'll be the richest of the lot; that man's wealth is unknown; hooked a fine fish, and a handsome one too.'

'I wish you would not speak so, papa; I am tired of being held up to the highest bidder, and sold like my poor sisters.'

'Sold like your poor sisters; why my girls have the finest establishments about town.'

'And are all miserable.'

'Bosh; what has a married woman to do with happiness? She's married, and has got an establishment, that's all.'

'And her husband?'

'Is an appendix, nothing more; she must take him in with the rest.'

'Papa, I won't do it!' Gertrude, in spite of the good society she was in, grasped her father's arm. 'I shall never marry, so you'll have me on your hands.'

'Why not, child?'

'Because I won't be sold to *any* man, and because you *will* sell me, whether I like or no.'

'But you might run away.'

'I shall never do that; since I will not do surreptitiously what I am forbidden to do openly. Sooner will I enter an order.'

'The new-fangled ideas of the High-Church party.'

'No, necessity would take me there. I shall say no more, papa. Remember, never try to sell me to any one, because I won't be sold—even to the man I might love.'

'Then you are a fool. There is Sir James Terence; I'll just have a chat with him about the Newmarket affair. Somebody will be in soon, my daughters are never long left alone.'

Gertrude was speedily surrounded by acquaintances, who thought her less sprightly than usual, and believed she was in a bad humour. Poor Gertrude was trying to gather up the shivered pieces of her idealism, and disgusted to see how little they fitted into the miserable mercenary world of her father's ideas.

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Israel returned home on foot; asking his way right and left in his own off-hand peculiar way. He had utterly forgotten his *protégés*: as he neared Piccadilly, he found the air getting cold and shivery, and he hurried on faster; suddenly, near the hotel, some one tugged at him.

'O, sir; we waited for you.'

There were the boys, trembling in the night air.

'Poor boys, would no one let you in?'

'We did not like to ask, sir; so we stopped till you came.'

'Come along.'

The night porter looked astonished when Israel came in with his charges; but they were dressed decently, and passed on.

'Pedro, Pedro,' called Israel.

Pedro was gone; no Pedro could be found. Israel sat down. What could Pedro's absence mean.

'Oh, sir; we saw the young gentleman go out with a portmanteau in his hand, and we crouched down, that he should not see us.'

'When was it about?'

'About an hour ago.'

So there ended all this gipsy attachment; on the first severe trial, the jealous Spanish blood rebelled, and Pedro left a master to whom he professed so close an attachment.

'The teaching of the Nazarene's words had not done much good there,' thought Israel.

'Can we do anything for you?'

'I want little help: you may sleep in Pedro's bed to-night. Next to my own.' It was said a little harshly.

'Don't be angry, sir; we'll try to be good,' said the eldest boy.

The simplicity of the profession pleased Israel.

'Come here, boys; Pedro was a boy like you; who had been brought up on the streets, and in the roads of sloth and wickedness; he fancied he loved me. He came with me, and I thought I had touched his soul; for a time it was so, but latterly, luxury and a certain freedom have spoiled him, and now he has become faithless and left his master, to whom he professed a deathless attachment. You will do the same.'

The boys, with the sharpness of street-arabs, looked into Israel's face.

'Try us, sir, do now; do try us, our father don't care what becomes of us. Many times have we been turned out to sleep where we could, so he won't miss us, for a good bit.'

'And the law allows this?'

'Don't know the law.'

Israel, never hilarious, broke out into a wild loud laugh.

'What?' he called out; 'I know they go into all lands to preach, as they call it, the Gospel of Christ, and allow such things at home? Such evident training of little children for sin? England, art thou much better than loose Italy, bigoted Spain, frivolous France, and ambitious Germany? Train thy children callously to vice, and then build prisons for them? I had expected other things of my mother's country!' and Israel bent his head in sorrow.

* * * * *

The next day came; Israel looked ill. Many contending emotions had affected his organisation. He sent one of the boys with a letter to

his cousin, that he could not see him to-day, as he felt unable to converse upon general topics. In Israel's thoughts a firm idea established itself, to win Gertrude, and fly. If she loved him, she would come; if not, he would then search into this people's condition; thus his eye expanded, and his chest heaved. Gertrude tempted him to renounce his original conception of life—that some beings might pass it in contemplation and adoration. His natural impulses seemed too strong for him; but if Gertrude responded not to his passion, he felt the link would be broken. He would tear asunder those false social fetters, and proclaim aloud to the world that it was false, superficial, self-seeking, leading those to sin who could find no other outlet, and then despising and punishing them for it. Ha, he would. Israel lost the thread of his thoughts, they led him beyond his own power of reasoning!

The afternoon sun shone softly through the Venetian blinds; innumerable cards had been left at the hotel. The Baron had called, but not seen Israel. All manner of monetary and other dignitaries had come, and all had been disappointed. The celebrated eastern banker sat in his room, deep in thought, restless with the longing desire of love, and in the company of two beggar boys, whom he had picked up in the London streets.

It became late in the afternoon; Israel roused himself, and sent the boys for a cab. Pedro had not come back.

'Please sir, let us go with you; we'll wait anywhere for you.'

Israel could not refuse; the boys climbed up on the box. The cabman was directed to the Earl's house, whose address the Baron had given Israel.

'Is Lady Gertrude in?'

'Yes sir, but she was just going out to ride. Are you Mr. Torriano?'

'Yes.'

'Oh, then she expects you.'

Israel was led through the luxurious though somewhat faded house, into the drawing-room; here he found no one.

'I will call Lady Gertrude.'

'No necessity,' said Gertrude, as she entered the room, fully equipped in her riding habit.

Before her stood Israel; the servant withdrew; the two were alone.

Gertrude blushed deep scarlet, but retained her self-possession. Israel trembled.

'Let us go into the conservatory, ours is an old house, and we have a very fine conservatory. It is my pet place, and I do all I can to embellish it; do come with me.'

Israel followed her. Amid the cool shade of ferns and stunted foreign trees they stood. From fountains waters fell in showers around them.

Stillness reigned here, as if no London noise were near, and love had found a nook where to rest in.

Gertrude, a little confused, pointed out the pleasant spots of the place. Israel looked at her.

‘Gertrude, you must listen. I love you with that strength which a man feels who finds at once his mate. I want to run away from you, and cannot; could you love me and make me forget my early vows?’

Israel spoke those words fiercely, not like a pleading lover.

Poor Gertrude, standing next to him, her head bared, in one hand her riding hat, looked up pleadingly at him.

‘Israel Torriano, don’t say this again; I cannot marry. They would sell me to you for money, and I will not be sold; my father watches us, he knows you are coming here; he thinks you will speak to me, he wants me to say yes. Oh, Israel, *if* you love me as you say, then renounce me, for it must, with my surroundings, ever be a bargain. I should always think so, and hate myself for it.’

‘Gertrude, do you know what you say?’ And Israel laid his hands caressingly on her curls.

‘Yes, yes, I do; don’t speak of it, don’t take your image out of my soul. It is money, money, money, in my father’s house, and for what? To bet on the turf. I have come to despise man for his selfish pleasures and tyrannical ways. I am tired of it, and love best to sit with my own thoughts. Israel, I believe you are kind and generous; the men I have known are not so. I do not know if I should love you; but I detest money to that degree that I undervalue those who possess it. Israel, if you were poor, it would be otherwise. I cannot marry a rich man.’

‘But I am poor; my wealth I would give up to-morrow—in fact, I never possessed it.’

‘No, no; you cannot get rid of it; it is yours, and will stick to you. I am a Christian, you are a Jew. All London will say it was done for money, and the very thought kills higher feelings. Israel, do you care for me?’ She looked up at him pleadingly.

‘Gertrude, Gertrude, I have fought all day; but love was stronger than I am. Something within me reaches for you; my hands are stretched out for you. Gertrude, I feel man was *not* made to be alone!’ He grasped her hand.

‘It cannot be; I’ll never be a sold bride, and my father *would* do it. I know him, he’ll bargain the moment he hears of it.’

‘Don’t wait; come with me and fly?’

‘Israel! Why should I? And even then he would bargain; he’d settle it with the Baron. I cannot, I cannot, I cannot.’

‘Gertude, am I then destined to suffer for my own former callousness? Ah, I preached to others, and am now caught myself. Ger-

trude, I did not want to love woman ; I even looked down upon such love ; Gertrude, the first look of your bright, ingenuous face, conquered me, and made another man of me : it is so sweet to hold you here ; must I dash away the cup, Gertrude ?' He looked into her eyes.

'Oh, do not look at me ; Israel, I believe I could love you, I believe I do love you ; I believe I long to be yours : to fly even with you ; yes ! I own it all, all. I could follow you to the ends of the earth ; you also took my heart by storm ; I'll say it now, for I must, your image has never left me since that first meeting. Israel, my soul has panted for thee ! look at me, look at me now ; I'll speak the grand truth : Israel, I am thine already, but such is my horror of money influence, such my detestation of what women are made to do for it ; such misery have I seen my mother and sisters suffer, that—Israel, dear Israel, just as I adore thee now—yes, look at me—I should loathe you then ; for I know, they would sell me for money ; they would not even grant me more natural feelings. Israel, tempter, go, go, or I do not know what I shall do ! Go, for Heaven's sake, leave me ! I have no further strength ; take away your face, for I love you to distraction, and I believe I loathe you already !'

With a wild shriek, Gertrude tore herself away, and fell right into her father's arms, who had, unperceived, come behind them.

Israel rushed past him.

'May your money worship be cursed ! it has torn from me your daughter !'

The young Jew ran from the house.

[*To be continued.*]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE IN INDIA.

BY COLONEL W. F. B. LAURIE.

I.

It was not long after the terrible emotion caused by India's severest trial, 'The Sepoy Mutiny,' had subsided, that, while holding an important position in Central India, I had the honour to form one of a small band who were anxious to improve the various grades of Europeans resident at the station. The means were a series of lectures. As coming under the head of *subsidiary education*, they seemed particularly well adapted to the country; for, in the East, where intellectual stagnation, even among true Britons, is so apt to become lamentably frequent, should men only wish to have their memories refreshed (supposing them to be 'too clever by half,' to require any 'subsidiary' knowledge), what better plan than a system of lectures can be devised to stimulate them to keep up an acquaintance with what they once knew of the various branches of science and literature? Again, the thought occurred to us that lectures, to many of our hearers, would not only be subsidiary, but actual, primary education. For my own part, having long held it to be indisputably true that 'Periodical Literature is a great thing,' that it is a potent instrument in the education of a people, it was selected for the subject—English and Anglo-Indian—on two occasions, when I attempted to give, with the help of a rather limited library, and the assistance of a few genuine old Indians—stars of a world gone by—some account of its rise, progress, and importance.

Having opened our campaign in July, 1859, Nagpore became the second great province,¹ in which, during the month, lectures for the diffusion of useful knowledge had been instituted. Looking back to upwards of forty years, the Peishwa, the Nagpore Rajah, and Holkar,

¹ On the 2nd July, a series of lectures was opened by Sir Bartle Frere, Chief Commissioner of Scinde, in the Government English School at Kurrachee.

were all rising with one accord against the English. The Pindarries and Mahrattas were distracting the land.

On the very ground where we had now raised our humble standard to give an occasional hour's intellectual entertainment to those who sought it, during that critical period host was encountering host; the 'fatal hill' of Seetabuldee resounded with the clang of arms, and the thunder of 'the red artillery;' and Nagpore fell—another trophy to the Saxon race! The remarkable events in Central India during that important time have been ably and graphically chronicled in the *Life of Sir John Malcolm*—a biography which will never die—by one of the brightest ornaments of our Indian Periodical Literature,¹ to whom allusion will be made in due course. And now the present writer must be pardoned for commencing his subject—which professes to treat of periodical literature in India only—with a piece of egotism. My first serious attempt in the walk of our indigenous Indian literature was made public through the pages of that popular vehicle, the '*Calcutta Review*,' some twenty-seven years ago; and any literary ardour and energy I then possessed were thereby roused into a decisive state of action. In the preface to the little work under review it is remarked: 'Literature in India may be said to be in a state of inaction [1845] with the exception of *one* Review, which, leviathan like, plays about in the torpid pool.' Again, 'The '*Calcutta Review*,' undoubtedly the best work (Anglo-Indian), we have ever had, we are afraid is not sufficiently patronised in *our* Presidency (Madras). We have frequently asked if such a person had seen the last number of the above Review, when the reply, 'I have heard of such a work, but have never read it; upon my soul I've no money to throw away, and in fact I've not much relish for works published in India: besides, who can write here?—Who can write here? *that* is the question!'

In this same number of the '*Review*,' it may be mentioned, a volume of '*Prose and Verse*,' from the Calcutta press, was noticed; the book was written by Captain A. H. E. Boileau, of the Bengal Engineers, who had taken up the mantle which had been worn, and worn so well, by Dr. Grant, Henry Meredith Parker, H. Torrens, R. Rattray, Captains Macnaghten and Richardson, as the supporters of Anglo-Indian Periodical Literature in days gone by; and who, now a colonel and com-

¹ Sir John William Kaye, K.C.S.I., founder of the '*Calcutta Review*;' and who, true to his love of periodical literature, was present at the Newspaper Press Fund Dinner in London, 12th May, 1872; on which august occasion also the chair was filled by His Grace the Duke of Argyll, Secretary of State for India, who, amidst the most important official duties, in addition to writing several works, has found time to communicate with various periodicals (including newspapers) on subjects of vast importance.

mandant in his own corps, lectured to us on 'Topography' on our opening night. The Colonel's various scientific attainments, and his Lectures on Iron Bridges were still well known in Bengal. The familiar, good-humoured face comes vividly before me, while writing this sketch. We behold him as he is pacing along with his bearer behind him—that Oriental functionary being always ready to receive the huge *lathie* (stick), as long as a hop-pole, carried by the Colonel from door to door, in manner quite patriarchal—his blue frock coat, with faded light-blue Bhurtpoor ribbon of '26, buttoned up to the throat, even in the hottest weather; and, as he goes, pouring forth to those who sought it his boundless stock of information. He was a genuine type of the old Indian school—generous to a fault, and abounding in anecdote. The Colonel's appearance in the lecture room, after the severe official labours of the day, made every one happy; and, like Falstaff, he was not only witty in himself, but 'the cause of wit in other men.' Proposing to teach his audience how to take some measurement in the easiest way—gained from his vast experience in surveying—seizing the chalk and commencing—'You see the triangle, A B C,' gave promise of a rather dry lecture; but soon the subject became deeply interesting from the introduction of a well-timed anecdote or illustration from his personal history; and all went home delighted. Not among the least worthy of old Indians departed, will appear this General (in that rank he died a few years since)—a sort of chief among 'the old familiar faces'¹—one whom Charles Lamb would have delighted to take by the hand; and who, from the morning of life to its close, did battle in the East for the cause of knowledge and mental recreation in the small army of India's periodical writers.

Shortly after being criticised, I had the audacity to become an occasional Calcutta reviewer, when I began to carefully watch periodical literature in its various aspects, both at home and in India; and I became more and more convinced of its power and utility in the education of a people.

The number of the 'Calcutta' (December, 1845), to which allusion has already been made, is a very varied and interesting one, containing six leading articles, and four 'miscellaneous critical notices'—the former consisting of elaborate essays on 'Indian Buddhism, its Origin and Diffusion,' 'The Cape of Good Hope,' 'The Urdu Language and Literature,' 'Rammohun Roy,' 'Married Life in India,' and 'The Mahommedan Controversy'—the number almost a library in itself; and among the 'notices,' one of a 'Charge delivered to the Grand Jury of Bombay by the Honourable Mr. Justice Perry' (Sir Erskine, and now Vice-President of the Council of India), and another of an anonymous pamphlet on the

¹ 'So may we talk of the old familiar faces.'—Charles Lamb.

‘Education of the People of India : its Political Importance and Advantages.’ The reviewer sums up his notice of the latter brief essay by remarking : ‘Undoubtedly, a *sound* education, widely diffused throughout the native community, of all classes and grades, must be regarded as one of the primary instruments of its effectual amelioration ;’ and as a set-off against ‘many disappointments and drawbacks,’ we are informed that the well-written ‘article in the present number, on *Rammohun Roy*—whose life embraces ‘the commencement of that great social and moral revolution’ through which India is ‘now silently but surely passing’—is the ‘*bona fide* production of a native Hindu.’

The foundation of a well conducted periodical literature in India, carefully translated into the vernacular, until English becomes (as it one day must) universal, I have long thought, would produce the germs of a mighty revolution, especially in what is now in a decided transition state—the Hindu mind ; and the Mahomedans, too, or those of any persuasion who take an interest in their rulers, would have easy access to a knowledge of our present political power, and that in days gone by, of our rational amusements and mental recreation, and of our scientific and literary attainments—all borne to the mind’s eye with the idea of a highly Christianised civilisation. Such a hope could not have been entertained at the time of the publication, in 1780, of ‘Hicky’s Gazette,’ the first Indian newspaper.¹ This great event in the history of periodical literature in the East is duly recorded by the historian of Bengal with the importance it so well merits :—

‘On the 29th January, 1780, the first newspaper ever published in India made its appearance in Calcutta.’ A newspaper could not have been started at a better time. The hands of Warren Hastings were indeed full, for he was employed during the next four years, chiefly out of Bengal, in managing the affairs of Benares and Oude, in a war with the renowned Hyder Ali, the Rajah of Mysore, ‘and in negotiations all over India.’ But Mr. Hicky, and the society of which he wrote, afforded far from good examples for the improvement of the native community. ‘The whole picture of Anglo-Indian society, at this period, was a very bad one, and,’ remarks a Calcutta reviewer, ‘society must have been very bad to have tolerated’ ‘Hicky’s Gazette’—a strange contrast with the highly-polished and newsy ‘Pall Mall’ of our time. Infamous slander is the chief material of which the first Indian journal is composed ; and even Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General, and the dignitaries of the Supreme Court, came in for their share ; while colonels, missionaries, and beautiful young ladies just arrived for the marriage mart, are all mercilessly dealt with. At length Mr. Hicky

¹ ‘Calcutta Review,’ No. II., August, 1841, p. 314.

thought it 'a duty incumbent on him to inform his friends in particular, and the public in general, that an attempt was made to assassinate him last Thursday morning, between the hours of one and two o'clock, by two armed Europeans, aided and assisted by a Moorman!' Such was the first Indian editor, the amusing chronicler of the gay and grave doings of a great age long passed away, the scene of whose labours was Calcutta, where, at that time, there was only one church, and deep drinking was considered a rational amusement. It may be interesting, while thinking of the improvement which has taken place since Hicky's time in our Indian newspapers, to look also at the improvement in civil and military salaries since then—not a bad theme for a reflective mind. When Sir Thomas Munro arrived in India, as a cadet, in 1780, his pay was five pagodas ($17\frac{1}{2}$ rupees, or 35s.¹) a month, with free quarters, or ten pagodas without. Five pagodas and free quarters was the way generally followed. 'Of the five pagodas,' writes Mr. Munro, 'I pay two to a Dubash, one to the servants of the mess, and one for hair-dressing and washing; so that I have one pagoda per month to feed and clothe me.' Mr. Shore (afterwards Lord Teignmouth), a civilian in the Secret and Political Department, on his arrival in India, in 1769, had only eight rupees a month;² but the 'writer,' as the young civilian was then always styled, was, in those days, allowed to trade under certain restrictions. The mention of such eminent men suggests others of great celebrity in India, who, during the latter portion of the eighteenth century, even supposing no difficulty existed in paying for the newspaper or periodical, could not get the article of the intellectual quality they desired. It was a dark night, even in England, for the broad-sheet. The sunny days of a penny 'Daily News,' 'Telegraph,' 'Globe,' or 'Standard,' and a halfpenny 'Echo,' were yet far remote. The future Sir John Malcolm, and Lord Metcalfe—of whom the biographer of the former has also written so well, and who was born in Calcutta, in 1785, or two years after the great soldier and political 'Jan Malcolm, Sahib' arrived in India—during their early labours must have gained but little assistance from the Indian press, of which Sir Charles Metcalfe was afterwards styled the Liberator; and on whose account the noble Metcalfe Hall, on the banks of the Hooghly, was erected by the citizens of Calcutta to perpetuate his name.

Under the administration of Lord Cornwallis, or from 1786 to 1793, the tone of social morality in India became much improved. The 'Calcutta Review' informs us that the 'India Gazette' of 1788, has an editorial congratulating its readers on the fact 'that the pleasures of the bottle, and the too prevailing enticements of play, were now almost

¹ Taking the Sicca rupee, say £2 a month.

² 'Calcutta Review,' No. I., May, 1844, p. 17.

universally sacrificed to the far superior attractions of female society.' It was the old story, now told in India, which had long been told in other parts of the world, and of which the editor of the 'India Gazette' must have been an admirer, while bewailing bachelor life in Calcutta:—

'Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!—
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled.'

Or, perhaps, the ideas of the lively Moore regarding the 'superior attractions of female society,' would have been more palatable to the editor of the 'India Gazette' than those of the more sober Campbell, as in the well-known verse of the Irish melody:—

'Oh! 'tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear;
And that when we are far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!'

But such a 'defence of inconstancy'—such a piloting off and bidding 'good-bye!'—may be unjust to an age in India when the precocious youth, the 'girl of the period,' and the periodical of sensational tales, had not yet appeared in England.

It is strange to think of what such men as Hicky and the above-mentioned editor would write about the law of progress, could they now behold Young Bengal in his railway carriage or steamer, with his 'Friend,' 'Englishman,' 'Phoenix,' or 'Pioneer'—all ministering to his social wants. Shades of Caxton, Watt, and Stephenson, the reality is a stern one!

On the 29th of May, 1818, under the administration of Lord Hastings, the first efforts to improve the native mind by education, and by periodical literature in the shape of a native newspaper, were made. The journal appeared from the Serampore Press, and was styled the 'Sumachar Durpun.' Lord Hastings took it into Council, and allowed it to be circulated at one-fourth of the ordinary postage. About the same period the Calcutta School-book Society was formed. Thousands of natives began to learn the English language, and there was every sign of civilisation struggling to be born. There is not space here to enter into even a brief account of the restrictions on the Indian press, after the departure of Lord Hastings; of the ejection of Mr. Buckingham by Mr. John Adams; of the comparative freedom of the Indian journals during the last two years of Lord Amherst's administration; of the attacks on Lord William Bentinck for carrying out his masters' (the Court of Directors') orders, and the consequent renewed restriction on the press; or of its liberation by Sir Charles Metcalfe in September,

1835. About the year 1832 there were several Bengali newspapers, also a Bengali magazine.

Let us now turn to the stars of Anglo-Indian periodical literature, some of which went out while giving fair promise of more glory, and to those whom to know was an honour, who, in their maturer years, thought sometimes with pride of the delight their writings gave while life's morning was opening on a brilliant Indian career.

I shall here bring the editorial *We* into operation, which was first adopted by the Printer, 'the ostensible director of the paper,'¹ in 1640; just eighteen years after the first printed newspapers appeared in London—the 'Weekly News' of Nathaniel Butter.

Of course the mighty Oriental (Hindustani) HUM (*We*) has existed from time immemorial. The first work we shall turn to is the Bengal 'Annual,' of which the number for 1833 lies before us. This was a very successful publication while it lasted, and very superior in literary merit to some of the English Annuals. It was maintained for a few years at first without any engravings, but latterly with embellishments from Europe, which probably caused its abandonment as being too costly for India, and consequently unremunerative. Its principal contributors were Henry Meredith Parker, of the Bengal Civil Service; Captain D. L. Richardson (editor); John Grant, Apothecary-General; Lieut. A. H. E. Boileau (the familiar face before mentioned), and numerous others, all of whose names are given in the respective volumes, which contain no anonymous productions. W. T. Robertson, C.S., R. H. Rattray, Esq., Lieutenants Macgregor and Westmacott, the Hon. Sir John Malcolm, Mrs. Hough, and Miss Anna Maria Mowatt, in addition to the names above mentioned, figure in a list of about fifty contributors to the 'Bengal Annual' for 1833.

The volume, standing entirely on its literary merits; typography very good, bound in red (not Morocco), with gilt edges, not a single illustration, opens with 'An Oriental Tale,' by the highly accomplished and versatile Henry Meredith Parker. This being the fourth number of the 'Annual,' which would make its foundation date from 1830, the London critics had ample time to decide on the merit of the Eastern stranger. The thing, to exist well, must be decidedly Oriental, was the unanimous voice, from which there is no appeal. When men go to India to seek their fortunes, and women to the marriage-mart, to carry out what Dr. Johnson styles the great end of female education, to get husbands, (an idea now exploded, but which the learned Doctor might have thought more sensible than soliciting 'Female Suffrage' at home!) said the critics, when they take up the pen, they must leave their British character behind them and give us something of the marvellous, and

¹ Andrews.

Oriental-picturesque that we do not know. To please such a fastidious race, the 'Oriental Tale' came forth; and it was thought so worthy of giving a flavour to 'Bole Ponjis,' that it appears in Mr. Parker's collected writings, under that title, published in 1851. Remarks from the 'Monthly Review,' and 'Morning Herald,' head the contribution, the former probably written by some lineal descendant of Smollett's friend, Mother Griffiths; and they may be accepted as curiosities of literature:—

'To us, at this side of the Ganges, (which side?) subjects entirely Indian, or at least Asiatic, would be in general much more acceptable than those which we can easily obtain in our northern climate.'—'Monthly Review.'

'The "Bengal Annual" comes from about our antipodes (really!)—from the Calcutta Press, and is printed upon Indian paper. It would be well if the Eastern character had entered a little more into its contents.'—'Morning Herald.'

The tale is full of fun and rich humour. Mounted on the pedestal of purpose, the tale-teller shouts forth: 'Joseph, a duwaat (ink-stand), filled with the blackest ink of Agra, and forty thousand new Persian cullums (pens). Good! A fresh chillum, saturate the tatties with goolaub, scatter little mountains of roses, chumpah, and baubul blossoms about the room; bring me a vast serai of iced sherbert, pure juice of the pomegranate, you understand, and now here goes!'

And now commences an Oriental tale with a vengeance:—

'The snakes were prodigiously lively—thermometer stood precisely at 138° Fahrenheit in the sun, but was some degrees lower in the shade. There is an uproar! A tiger and a buffalo, coming to drink up the last quart of water which lies in a little patch of marsh, have got themselves into a sufficiently absurd situation: a playful boa has embraced them both. He, poor good-natured creature, quite unconscious of their dis-satisfaction, has judiciously wrapped his tail round a pretty extensive clump of teak trees, and with the spare end of his body is uncommonly busy cracking the ribs of his companions, which go off like so many muskets, and otherwise preparing them in the most approved manner amongst boas for his supper. I said the snakes were prodigiously lively.'

And so on, from the cracking of a tiger's tooth, fairly shivered by the heat, down to the adventures of Kubbadar Cham, Major Mimms, and his beloved Nealini. The escape of the dark-eyed Nealini and the redoubted Mimms from the pile which had been fired to burn them, is told with great humour; and the tale, near the end, asks 'Who does not recollect the parties of the accomplished Lady Mimms at her mansion in Portland Place; her golden pawn-box; her diamond hookah; the emerald in her nose, and her crimson silk trowsers?' And again: 'Who does not recollect General Sir Godfredo Mimms, K.C.B., with his side curls and his pig-tail?' &c., &c.

With reference to the 'side curls' thus mentioned as worn by the

gallant Mimms, he may have worn them before he became a knight; and English readers will be inclined to allow a touch of fact to the above picture when they learn that, not very many years before the present writer went to India, a Commander-in-Chief's Order appeared in Madras, forbidding young officers to wear 'side-combs,' as giving an 'effeminate appearance' to officers in the army; which most sensible Order, by the way, was said to have been written by His Excellency's admirable and gifted lady! Not a few who were bred in the 'nursery of captains' will recollect this Order.

The Calcutta reviewer of 'Bole Ponjis' says truly of Parker's writings: 'There is many a transition from grave to gay, from lively to severe; but the prevalent characteristic of them is humour, which occasionally, as in the "Oriental Tale," becomes broad and open-mouthed, but which is generally of that chastened and tasteful kind which was probably more appreciated in former times than in these days.'¹

¹ 'Calcutta Review,' No. 32, December, 1851.

[To be continued.]

THE FIGHT AT THE FORD BETWEEN FERDIAH AND CUCHULLIN.

An Episode from the Ancient Irish Epic Romance,
THE TAIN BÓ CUAILGNÉ; OR THE CATTLE PREY
OF CUAILGNÉ.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY, M.R.I.A.

[Continued from page 465.]

THAT night they rested there : Next morn they rose
And to the Ford of battle early came.

‘What weapons shall we use to-day?’ inquired
Cuchullin, ‘Until night the choice is thine,’

Replied Ferdiah, ‘for the choice of arms
Has hitherto been mine.’ ‘Then, let us take
Our great broad spears to-day,’ Cuchullin said,

‘And may the thrusting bring us to an end
Sooner than yesterday’s less powerful darts.

Let then our charioteers our horses yoke
Beneath our chariots, so that we to-day
May from our horses and our chariots fight.’

Ferdiah answered, ‘Let it so be done,’—

And then they braced their two broad, full-firm shields
Upon their arms that day, and in their hands
That day they took their great broad-bladed spears.

And thus from early morn to evenings’s close,
They smote each other with such dread effect,
That both were pierced, and both made red with gore,—
Such wounds, such hideous clefts in either breast
Lay open to the back; that if the birds
Cared ever through men’s wounded frames to pass,
They might have passed that day, and with them borne
Pieces of quivering flesh into the air.

When evening came their very steeds were tired,
 Their charioteers depressed, and they themselves
 Worn out—even they the champions bold and brave.
 ‘Let us from this, Ferdiah, now desist,’—
 Cuchullin said, ‘for see, our charioteers
 Droop, and our very horses flag and fail,
 And when fatigued they yield, so well may we.’
 ‘Let us desist indeed,’ Ferdiah said,
 ‘If the fit time hath come’—and so they ceased.
 From them they threw their arms into the hands
 Of their two charioteers. Each of them came
 Forward to meet the other. Each his hands
 Put round the other’s neck, and thus embraced,
 Gave to him three fond kisses on the cheek ;
 Their horses fed in the same field that night ;
 Their charioteers were warmed by the same fire.
 Their charioteers beneath their bodies spread
 Green rushes, and beneath their heads the down
 Of wounded men’s soft pillows : Then the skilled
 Professors of the art of healing came
 To tend them and to cure them through the night.
 But they for all their skill could do no more,
 So numerous and so dangerous were the wounds,
 The cuts and clefts and scars so large and deep,
 But to apply to them the potent charms
 Of witchcraft, incantations, and barb spells
 As sorcerers use, to staunch the blood and stay
 The life that else would through the wounds escape :—
 Of every charm of witchcraft, every spell,
 Of every incantation that was used
 To heal Cuchullin’s wounds, a full fair half
 Over the Ford was westward sent to heal
 Ferdiah’s hurts : of every sort of food,
 And sweet, intoxicating, pleasant drink
 The men of Erin to Ferdiah sent,
 He a fair moiety across the Ford
 Sent northward to Cuchullin where he lay,
 Because his own purveyors far surpassed
 In number those the Ulster chief retained.
 For all the federate hosts of Erin were
 Purveyors to Ferdiah, with the hope
 That he would beat Cuchullin from the Ford.
 The Bregians only were Cuchullin’s friends—

His sole purveyors—and their wont it was
To come to him, and talk with him at night.

They rested there that night. Next morn they rose,
And to the Ford of battle forward came.
That day a great, ill-favoured, lowering cloud
Upon Ferdiah's face Cuchullin saw.

'Badly,' said he, 'dost thou appear this day,
Ferdiah, for thy hair has duskier grown
This day, and a dull stupor dims thine eyes,
And thine own face and form, and what thou wert
In outward seeming have deserted thee.'

'Tis not through fear of thee that I am so,'
Ferdiah said, 'for Erin doth not hold
This day a champion I could not subdue.'
And thus Cuchullin mourned, and thus replied
Ferdiah, both oppressed with coming woe:

'A truce to these invectives;' then broke in
Ferdiah, 'we far other work this day
Have yet to do than rail with woman's words.
Say, what shall be our arms in this day's fight?'

'Till night,' Cuchullin said, 'the choice is thine,
For yester morn the choice was given to me.'

'Let us,' Ferdiah answered, 'then resort
Unto our heavy, sharp, hard-smiting swords,
For we are nearer to the end to-day
Of this our fight, by hewing, than we were
On yesterday by thrusting of the spears.'

'So let us do, indeed,' Cuchullin said.

Then on their arms two long great shields they took,
And in their hands their sharp, hard-smiting swords.
Each hewed the other with such furious strokes
That pieces larger than an infant's head
Of four weeks' old were cut from out the thighs,
And great broad shoulder-blades of each brave chief.

And thus they persevered from early morn
Till evening's close in hewing with the swords.

'Let us desist,' at length Ferdiah said.

'Let us indeed desist, if the fit time
Hath come,' Cuchullin said; and so they ceased.
From them they cast their arms into the hands
Of their two charioteers; and though that morn
Their meeting was of two high-spirited men,

Their separation, now that night had come,
Was of two men dispirited and sad.
Their horses were not in one field that night,
Their charioteers were warmed not at one fire.
That night they rested there, and in the morn
Ferdiah early rose and sought alone
The Ford of battle, for he knew that day
Would end the fight, and that the hour drew nigh
When one or both of them should surely fall.

Then was it for the first time he put on
His battle suit of battle and of fight,
Before Cuchullin came unto the Ford.
That battle suit of battle and of fight
Was this. His apron of white silk, with fringe
Of spangled gold around it, he put on
Next his white skin. A leather apron then,
Well sewn, upon his body's lower part
He placed, and over it a mighty stone
As large as any mill-stone was secured.
His firm, deep, iron apron then he braced
Over the mighty stone—an apron made
Of iron purified from every dross—
Such dread had he that day of the Gae Bulg.
His crested helm of battle on his head
He last put on—a helmet all ablaze
From forty gems in each compartment set,
Cruan, and crystal, carbuncles of fire,
And brilliant rubies of the Eastern world.
In his right hand a mighty spear he seized,
Destruction, sharply pointed, straight and strong :—
On his left side his sword of battle swung,
Curved, with its hilt and pommel of red gold.
Upon the slope of his broad back he placed
His dazzling shield, around whose margin rose
Fifty huge bones, each of such a size
That on it might a full grown hog recline,
Exclusive of the larger central boss
That raised its prominent round of pure red gold.

Full many noble, varied, wondrous feats
Ferdiah on that day displayed, which he
Had hever learned at any tutor's hand,
From Uatha, or from Aifé, or from her,

Scatha, his early nurse in lonely Skye :—
 But which were all invented by himself
 That day, to bring about Cuchullin's fall.

Cuchullin to the Ford approached and saw
 The many noble, varied, wondrous feats
 Ferdiah on that day displayed on high.
 'O Laegh, my friend,' Cuchullin thus addressed
 His charioteer, 'I see the wondrous feats
 Ferdiah doth display on high to day :
 All these on me in turn shall soon be tried,
 And therefore note, that if it so should chance
 I shall be first to yield, be sure to taunt,
 Excite, revile me, and reproach me so,
 That wrath and rage in me may rise the more :—
 If I prevail, then let thy words be praise,
 Laud me, congratulate me, do thy best
 To stimulate my courage to its height.'—
 'It shall be done, Cuchullin,' Laegh replied.

Then was it that Cuchullin first assumed
 His battle suit of battle : then he tried
 Full many, various, noble, wondrous feats
 He never learned from any tutor's hands,
 From Uatha, or from Aifé, or from her,
 Scatha, his early nurse in lonely Skye.
 Ferdiah saw these various feats, and knew
 Against himself they soon would be applied.

'Say, O Ferdiah, to what arms shall we
 Resort in this day's fight?'—Cuchullin said.
 Ferdiah answered, 'Unto thee belongs
 The choice of weapons now until the night.'
 'Let us then try the Ford Feat on this day ;'
 Replied Cuchullin. 'Let us then, indeed,'
 Rejoined Ferdiah, with a careless air
 Consenting, though in truth it was to him
 The cause of grief to say so, since he knew
 That in the Ford Feat lay Cuchullin's strength,
 And that he never failed to overthrow
 Champion or hero in that last appeal.

Great was the feat that was performed that day
 In and beside the Ford : the mighty two,
 The two great heroes, warriors, champions, chiefs

Of western Europe—the two open hands
 Laden with gifts of the north-western world,—
 The two beloved pillars that upheld
 The valour of the Gaels—the two strong keys
 That kept the bravery of the Gaels secure—
 Thus to be brought together from afar
 To fight each other through the meddling schemes
 Of Ailill and his wily partner Maer.

From each to each the missive weapons flew
 From dawn of early morning to mid-day ;
 And when mid-day had come, the ire of both
 Became more furious, and they drew more near.
 Then was it that Cuchullin made a spring
 From the Ford's brink, and came upon the boss
 Of the great shield Ferdiah's arm upheld,
 That thus he might, over the rim of the shield,
 Strike at his head. Ferdiah with a touch
 Of his left elbow, gave the shield a shake
 And cast Cuchullin from him like a bird,
 Back to the brink of the Ford. Again he sprang
 From the Ford's brink, and came upon the boss
 Of the great shield once more, to strike his head
 Over the rim. Ferdiah with a stroke
 Of his left knee made the great shield to ring,
 And cast Cuchullin back upon the brink,
 As if he only were a little child.

Laegh saw the act. 'Alas !' indeed, said Laegh,
 'The warrior casts thee from him in the way
 That an abandoned woman would her child.
 He flings thee as a river flings its foam.
 He grinds thee as a mill would grind fresh malt.
 He fells thee as the axe does fell the oak.
 He binds thee as the woodbine binds the tree.
 He darts upon thee as a hawk doth dart
 Upon small birds, so that from this hour forth
 Until the end of time, thou hast no claim
 Or title to be called a valorous man :
 Thou little puny phantom form.'—said Laegh.

Then with the rapid motion of the wind,
 The fleetness of a swallow on the wing,
 The fierceness of a dragon, and the strength
 Of a roused lion, once again up sprang
 Cuchullin, high into the troubled air,

And lighted for the third time on the boss
Of the broad shield, to strike Ferdiah's head
Over the rim. The warrior shook the shield,
And cast Cuchullin mid-way in the Ford,
With such an easy effort that it seemed
As if he scarcely deigned to shake him off.

Then as he lay, a strange distortion came¹
Upon Cuchullin; as a bladder swells
Inflated by the breath, to such a size
And fulness did he grow, that he became
A fearful, many-coloured, wondrous Tuaig—
Gigantic shape, as big as a man of the sea.
Or monstrous Fomor, so that now his form
In perfect height over Ferdiah stood.

So close the fight was now, that their heads met
Above, their feet below, their arms half-way
Over the rims and bosses of their shields:—
So close the fight was now, that from their rims
Unto their centres were their shields cut through,
And loosed was every rivet from its hold;
So close the fight was now, that their strong spears
Were turned and bent and shivered point and haft:
Such was the closeness of the fight they made
That the invisible and unearthly hosts
Of Spirits, Bocanachs and Bananachs,
And the wild wizard people of the glens,
And of the air the demons, shrieked and screamed
From the reverberating rim of the shields,
And from their sword-hilts and the shafts of their spears:
Such was the closeness of the fight they made,
They forced the river from its natural course,
Out of its bed, so that it might have been
A couch whereon a King or Queen might lie,
For not a drop of water it retained,

¹ 'A strange distortion.' The *Geniti Glindi* mentioned in the text, p. 460, and referred to in the note, thus give an account of their supernatural power in the *Battle of Magh Leana*, p. 121: "Whence come these women?" said the nobles. "We have come from afar by our own powers," said they. "Our art is to bring the sea upon the high places, snow upon the ground, broad sheets of lightning upon the extensive plains, and a change of form upon races (of men), and fairy distortions upon noble families." The particular distortion of Cuchullin is referred to by O'Curry in a note to *The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn*. *Atlantes*, i., p. 108.

Except what came from the great tramp and splash
Of the two heroes fighting in its midst.

Such was the fierceness of the fight they waged,
That a wild fury seized upon the steeds
The Gaels had gathered with them ; in affright
They burst their traces and their binding ropes,
Nay even their chains, and panting fled away.
The women too and youths, by equal fears
Inspired and scared, and all the varied crowd
Of followers and non-combatants who there
Were with the men of Erin, from the camp
South-westward broke away, and fled the Ford.

At the edge-feat of swords they were engaged
When this *surprise occurred*, and it was then
Ferdiah an unguarded moment found
Upon Cuchullin, and he struck him deep,
Plunging his straight-edged sword up to the hilt
Within his body, till his girdle filled
With blood, and all the Ford ran red with gore
From the brave battle-warrior's veins outshed.
This could Cuchullin now no longer bear
Because Ferdiah still the unguarded spot
Struck and re-struck with quick, strong stubborn strokes ;
And so he called aloud to Laegh, the son
Of Riaghaha, for the dread Gae-Bulg.
The manner of that fearful feat was this :
Adown the current was it sent, and caught
Between the toes : a single spear would make
The wound it made when entering, but once lodged
Within the body, thirty barbs outsprung,
So that it could not be withdrawn until
The body was cut open where it lay.
And when of the Gae-Bulg Ferdiah heard
The name, he made a downward stroke of his shield,
To guard his body. Then Cuchullin thrust
The unerring thorny spear straight o'er the rim,
And through the breast-plate of his coat of mail,
So that its farther half was seen beyond
His body, after passing through his heart.

Ferdiah gave an upward stroke of his shield,
His breast to cover, though it was 'the relief

After the danger.' Then the servant set
 The dread Gae-Bulg adown the flowing stream ;
 Cuchullin caught it firmly 'twixt his toes,
 And from his foot a fearful cast he threw
 Upon Ferdiah with unerring aim.
 Swift through the well-wrought iron apron guard
 It passed, and through the stone which was as large
 As a huge mill-stone, cracking it in three,
 And so into his body, every part
 Of which was filled with the expanding barbs.
 'That is enough : by that one blow I fall,'
 Ferdiah said. 'Indeed, I now may own
 That I am sickly after thee this day,
 Though it behoved not thee that I should fall
 By stroke of thine ;' and then these dying words
 He added, tottering back upon the bank.

FERDIAH.

O Hound, so famed for deeds of valour doing
 'Twas not *thy place* my death to give to me ;
 Thine is the fault of my most certain ruin,
 And yet 'tis best to have my blood on thee.
 The wretch escapes not from his false position,
 Who to the gap of his destruction goes ;
 Alas ! my death-sick voice needs no physician,
 My end hath come—my life's stream seaward flows.
 The natural ramparts of my breast are broken,
 In its own gore my struggling heart is drowned :—
 Alas ! I have not fought as I have spoken,
 For thou hast killed me in the fight, O Hound !

Cuchullin towards him ran, and his two arms
 Clasping about him, lifted him and bore
 The body in its armour and its clothes
 Across the Ford unto the northern bank,
 In order that the slain should thus be placed
 Upon the north bank of the Ford, and not
 Among the men of Erin, on the west.
 Cuchullin laid Ferdiah down and then
 A sudden trance, a faintness on him came
 When bending o'er the body of his friend.
 Laegh saw the weakness, which was seen as well

By all the men of Erin, who arose
Upon the moment to attack him there.
'Good, O Cuchullin,' Laegh exclaimed, 'arise,
For all the men of Erin hither come.
It is no single combat they will give,
Since fair Ferdiah, Daman's son, the son
Of Daré, by thy hands has here been slain.'
So Laegh addressed the hero, though he seemed
To hear him not, but mourned his friend the more.
And thus he spoke these words, and thus he moaned :
 'Alas ! Ferdiah, an unhappy chance
It was for thee that thou didst not consult
Some of the heroes who my prowess knew,
Before thou camest forth to meet me here,
In the hard battle combat by the Ford.
Unhappy was it that it was not Laegh
The son of Riangaha, thou didst ask
About our fellow-pupilship, a bond
That then the unnatural combat then have stayed ;
Unhappy was it that thou didst not ask
Honest advice from Fergus, son of Roy ;
Or that it was not battle-winning, proud,
Exulting, ruddy Connall thou didst ask
About our fellow-pupilship of old.
For well do these men know there will not be
A being born among the Conacians who
Shall do the deeds of valour thou hast done
From this day forth until the end of time.
For if thou hadst consulted these brave men
About the places where the assemblies meet,
About the plightings and the broken vows
Uttered too oft by Connaught's fair-haired dames ;
If thou hadst asked about the games and sports
Played with the targe and shield, the sword and spear,
If of backgammon or the moves of chess,
Or races with the chariots and the steeds,
They never would have found a champion's arm
As strong to pierce a hero's flesh as thine,
O rose-cloud hued Ferdiah ! None to raise
The red-mouthed vulture's hoarse inviting croak
Unto the many-coloured flocks, nor one
Who will for Croghan combat like to thee,
O red-cheeked son of Daman ! Thus he said,

Then standing o'er Ferdiah he resumed :
 'Oh ! great has been the treachery and fraud
 The men of Erin practised upon thee,
 Ferdiah, thus to bring thee here to fight
 With me, 'gainst whom it is no easy task
 Upon the Tain Bó Cuailgné to contend.'
 He paused awhile, still gazing on the dead,
 Then to his charioteer he spoke. 'Friend Laegh,
 Strip now Ferdiah, take his armour off,
 That I may see the golden brooch of Maer,
 For which he undertook the fatal fight.'
 Laegh took the armour then from off his breast,
 And then Cuchullin saw the golden pin
 That cost so dear, and then these words he spoke.

CUCHULLIN.

Alas ! O brooch of gold !
 O Chief, whose fame each poet knows,
 O hero of stout slaughtering blows,
 Thy arm was brave and bold.
 Thy yellow flowing hair,
 Thy purple girdle's silken fold
 Still even in death around thee rolled,—
 Thy twisted jewel rare.
 Thy noble beaming eyes
 Now closed in death, make mine grow dim.
 Thy dazzling shield with golden rim—
 Thy chess a king might prize.
 Oh ! piteous to behold,
 My fellow pupil falls by me.
 It was an end that should not be,
 Alas ! O brooch of gold !

After another pause Cuchullin spoke :—
 'O Laegh, my friend, open Ferdiah now,
 And from his body the Gae-Bulg take out,
 For I without my weapon cannot be.'

Laegh then approached, and with a strong sharp knife
 Opened Ferdiah's body, and drew out
 The dread Gae-Bulg. And when Cuchullin saw
 His bloody weapon lying red beside
 Ferdiah on the ground, again he thought

Of all their past career, and of the deeds
 By them together done in days gone by.
 Laegh interposed at length, and thus he said :
 'Good, O Cuchullin, let us leave the Ford,
 For long have we been here, by far too long.'
 'Let us then leave it now,' Cuchullin said,
 'O Laegh, my friend, but know that every fight
 In which I hitherto have drawn my sword,
 Has been but as a pastime and a sport,
 Compared with this one with Ferdiah fought.'
 And he was saying, and he spoke these words:

CUCHULLIN.

Until Ferdiah sought the Ford
 I played but with the spear and sword;
 Alike the teaching we received,
 Alike were glad, alike were grieved,
 Alike were we by Scatha's grace
 Deemed worthy of the highest place.

Until Ferdiah sought the Ford
 I played but with the spear and sword;
 Alike our habits and our ways,
 Alike our prowess and our praise,
 Alike the trophies of the brave
 The glittering shields that Scatha gave.

Until Ferdiah sought the Ford
 I played but with the spear and sword,
 How dear to me, ah ! who can know ?
 This golden pillar here laid low,
 This mighty tree so strong and tall
 The chief, the champion of us all !

Until Ferdiah sought the Ford
 I played but with the spear and sword.
 The lion rushing with a roar,
 The wave that swallows up the shore,
 When storm-winds blow and heaven is dim,
 Could only be compared to him.

Until Ferdiah sought the Ford
 I played but with the spear and sword ;

Through me the friend I loved is dead,
A cloud is ever on my head—
The mountain form—the giant frame
Is now a shadow and a name.

The countless legions of the *Tain*,
Those hands of mine have turned and slain ;
Their men and steeds before me died,
Their flocks and herds on either side,
Though numerous were the hosts that came
From Croghan's Rath of fatal fame.

Though less than half the foes I led,
Before me soon my foes lay dead.—
Never to gory battle pressed,
Never was nursed on Bamba's breast,
Never from sons of kings there came
A hero of more glorious fame.

THE FATE OF FERDIAH SO FAR.

THE DAY AFTER MY DEATH.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CITY OF THE EARTHLY LIFE (continued).

THE further we advanced in our walk through the City, the more evidences met us of the accuracy of our guide's description of it, and of its title to its name. It was really difficult, at times, to recollect that one was in Hades—so forcibly did the sights and sounds about us recal to us the cities of the world of mortals. The entire absence of horses and vehicles from its streets was, of course, an unusual feature, but to anyone who recollected the silent thoroughfares of Venice, this phenomenon presented in itself nothing necessarily suggestive of the unearthly. And, with this one exception, there was little or no external difference between this City and an European capital: there was the same incessant stream of pedestrians passing to and fro, some with the quick pace and earnest look of busy men, others with the slow step, and vacant, desultory air of the street-lounger, pausing every moment to gossip with an acquaintance, or to gaze into what I suppose I must call—to make myself intelligible to mortals—the fronts of shops. Those who—from the fact that spirits require not, and indeed are unable to make use of, food, drink, clothing, or any of the other matters which are the objects of earthly needs—have inferred that no shops can have existed in the City of the Earthly Life, have been guilty of a very rash assumption. On the contrary, the City is full of shops, many of which do a thriving business. The fact that none of the inhabitants require any of the articles which the shops supply, does not, curiously enough, prevent them, especially the female spirits, from shopping to a very liberal extent. It is hardly necessary, however, to warn the reader that if he attempts mentally to represent these establishments to his mind by comparisons drawn from the shops of a mortal dispensation, he will fall into errors of the grossest materialism, and be apt to form a very unworthy and dishonouring

conception of spiritual trade. I must therefore beg him to accept the fact of their existence without questioning, on the one hand, or, on the other, attempting to form any conception of them; contenting himself with my assurance that they are something infinitely superior to anything on earth—types of fashionable perfection, of whose glories the establishments of Regent Street and the Boulevard des Italiens are but dim and earthly reflections.

The multitude of the impressions which we were receiving from the busy scene around us left us without much leisure for self-analysis; but from time to time we examined our sentiments with respect to the sights we were witnessing, and were surprised to find that they had undergone a considerable change. For my part I confess that, anxious as I still was for the moment to arrive when we should be introduced to the solution of the problem of existence, I did not find the time hang at all heavily on my hands. Confirmed Cockney as I had been in my lifetime, I was surprised to find the extent to which my earthly attachment to the life of cities had influenced my character as a spirit. The M.P. and the country gentleman were, I think, much in the same case. Now that we had become familiar with the idea of the existence of poverty, misery, etc., in the City, we had almost grown reconciled to it, and began to look with reviving interest and pleasure on the more attractive features of the scene around us. The only members of the party who did not seem to share these feelings were the artist and the poet. The former was, I think, rather disgusted by the absence of the picturesque from our urban surroundings, and felt the want of the beauties of natural—I should say supernatural—scenery. The poet's extreme sensibility was still suffering from the sights he had met with in the quarter of the poor; and he had, besides, always preferred a country to a town life.

'This is but a dreary place, to my mind,' he said, suddenly addressing the apparitor; 'no one with a poet's love of reflection and retirement could endure it for an hour.'

'Indeed!' replied our guide, pointing to a little spirit who was laughing and talking amongst a group of fashionable acquaintances on the other side of the street. 'Do you recognise that gentleman?'

'Gracious heaven! yes,' said the poet, with a start. 'It is de Tomkins—Tristan l'Hermite de Tomkins.'

'What!' I exclaimed, 'the great author of "Fleshly Fetters," and of those still finer poems, "Beating the Bars" and "Cries of an Imprisoned Soul?"'

'The same,' replied our guide.

'You surprise me,' I said. 'Why, in the other world he was reported to live a life of the most melancholy seclusion, awaiting with an almost indignant impatience the release of his aspiring spirit.'

'He has taken,' said the apparitor, 'a fashionable little villa in one of the suburbs, and spends the greater part of his time here amongst the best society. *You* knew him,' he continued, turning to the poet, with a slight smile of compassion for my innocence. 'Never was a man fonder of clanking his fleshly fetters in a drawing-room. The struggles of his imprisoned spirit to free itself were there made the subject of such complimentary criticism as quite to reconcile it to its captivity. The literary and social success of his utter despair made him completely happy for life.'

'Quite true,' muttered the poet, 'and a man more particular about his dinners I never met, nor a better judge of a glass of wine. But what then?' he continued, after a pause; 'this is only to say that he had the weaknesses and vanities inseparable from the flesh. Is he, in his spiritual life, still to long for the fame of the drawing-room, and the vain delights of flattery?'

'What a curiously unreasonable set of persons you mortals seem to be,' said the apparitor, laughing. 'I really don't know what it is you would have. You seem to have dogmatised, all your mortal lives, about the character and conditions of the future life, without the slightest reflection upon all the consequences which your dogmas involve. A spirit is to retain his personal identity; you indignantly repudiate any supposition to the contrary; in fact, you call it Pantheism, I believe, to maintain such a supposition. No: the spirit of John Smith is to be conscious of himself as John Smith's spirit—is *to be*, in fact, John Smith, but divested of all the mental attributes which he possessed, or rather, which together constituted *him* on earth—cut off suddenly and for ever from the multitude of associations of thought and feeling, the sum total of which was what John Smith really meant when he used that most foolish and unmeaning of words, "I." The *house*, in other words, is to be the same, but all the bricks and mortar composing it are to be different. That, I believe, is your theory, or rather, the impracticable and self-contradictory wish which you have exalted into a theory!'

This sudden incursion of our guide into the regions of metaphysics disconcerted us all somewhat, and we were irritated at finding that the subject was as obscure and confusing to us, as spirits, as it had been when we were mortals; added to which, the fatal transparency of our spirit-natures, and the patency of our inmost thoughts, deprived us of that power of concealing mental bewilderment which is essential to a comfortable discussion of metaphysical questions. The only person who seemed not ill at ease under the turn which the conversation had taken was the country gentleman. In life he had had, as he had told Minos, a singular passion for mentally fuddling himself, as it were, with the consideration of abstruse mental problems, and he declared, with pleasure,

that his head was already beginning to spin round and round, as it had used to do when the vicar and he got fairly on to the subject of Free Will.

But during this conversation we had arrived at another quarter of the City, and we now stood before a large building in the best style of spiritual architecture.

'The Courts of Justice,' said the apparitor, indicating it.

'Humph!' muttered the M.P., gloomily, 'crime here, then, as well as poverty!'

'To be sure,' replied our guide, cheerfully, 'and civil litigation in abundance. Conceive a thriving city without it! Criminal business is of course somewhat limited by the inability of spirits to commit crimes of violence; but there are plenty of offences against property. The doings in the money market alone supply a sufficient calendar of such crimes, besides contributing to fill the cause list with civil actions. Neither the civil nor the criminal side of the Court, however, is, I think, much worth visiting. The proceedings are so absurdly simple and expeditious. In the spirit-world, as you are aware, the secret thoughts of every one are visible to his fellow; and the consequence is, that in criminal cases the Court has only to look at the prisoner in order to see at once whether or not he is guilty of the crime with which he is charged. In civil cases the proceedings are less simple, though there too of course, the Court derives great assistance from the transparency of the plaintiff and defendant. No one of course can prosecute a claim which he knows to be unjust, or resist one which he knows to be just. But, in many cases, both the plaintiff and defendant honestly believe in the justice of their respective claims, and then it is necessary to call and examine—that is, *inspect* witnesses, a glance at whom is sufficient to reveal the true state of facts. This makes these trials tediously long, at least, according to our reckoning. Some of them have been known to last many minutes,¹ whereas the criminal cases—but here we are within a few yards of the Criminal Court, peep into it for yourselves;' and leading us through a lofty vestibule of the Court, he threw open a swing door on the left hand.

The Court was in construction not unlike one of the courts of the earth; save that there was no provision for accommodating counsel and attorneys. It consisted in fact of a bench, a dock, and a witness-box, and the rest of the space was occupied by spectators. On the bench

¹ I have never been more painfully conscious of the inadequacy of mortal language to express the phenomena of the spirit world. The word 'minutes' does not of course represent with any approach to accuracy the actual period which elapsed, the very idea of which, indeed (being as it is a *period* in *eternity*, i.e., a *finite* part of an *infinite* thing) is necessarily beyond the grasp of the mortal reader.

there was seated a single judge, and two streams of spirits were passing into and out of the dock, and into and out of the witness-box, respectively, with a rapidity almost too quick for the eye to follow. Each spirit as he passed through the dock would pause for an inconceivably short period of time, and simultaneously the spirit then passing through the witness-box would pause also. Each of the pairs of spirits consisted of a prisoner and his prosecutor, and in the inconceivably short period of time during which they both passed, the former was judged and condemned, and directed by a gesture to pass on. The calendar is thus got through with considerable expedition.

On a sudden, however, the continuity of these singular processions was broken by what seemed to us a still more singular interruption. While one of the spirits was making the usual pause in the dock, and another pausing in the witness-box, the judge made a different gesture, and the prisoner spirit instead of passing on with his companions flitted across to the witness-box and passed out among the prosecutors, while the prosecutor flitted past him into the dock and joined the procession of prisoners. We looked inquiringly at the apparitor for an explanation.

'Ah!' he said, 'you are unaccustomed to such rapid procedure, and your eye is not yet quick enough to recognise its justice; but I may explain it to your reason. That prisoner is innocent, and being innocent it follows from data with which you are already familiar, that the prosecutor must have known of his innocence. That being so, the latter is guilty of false accusation, and the shortest method of dealing with the case is to make the two change places. When your eye gets more accustomed to the use of its new power, you will be able to discover a false prosecutor's guilt by direct ocular inspection instead of by inference only. The spectators can do so, for you see the change of places between the two excited no surprise amongst them.'

'How extraordinary!' said the M.P., 'that a spirit should with such certainty of detection, dare to prefer a false accusation.'

'It is not unfrequently done, however,' replied the apparitor. 'Perpetually gazing as they do on the inmost thoughts of others, many spirits have the greatest difficulty in realising the fact that their own are equally exposed.'

'The proceedings in these courts,' continued the apparitor, as we turned to go; 'are far less interesting now, than they were some little time back.'

'How is that?' we enquired.

'Well,' replied our guide. 'At the time I refer to, some very violent reforming moralists had just arrived here, and they broached the idea that in a state of society where motives, desires, intentions, &c., were as capable of detection and proof, as are overt acts upon earth, they should

be as liable to punishment. It was not, they argued, the mere *act* which was considered to justify the punishment even under human codes of law, but the *mens rea* of which the act was only the evidence. Where therefore this *mens rea* was not matter of inference, but object of direct vision, it was the bounden duty of a well-ordered state to visit it with the same punishment as the act. The idea was so thoroughly logical, and was advocated with so much ability, that for a short time it was put into practice.'

'And with what result?' enquired the M.P., deeply interested.

'Oh, the most absurd you can conceive,' was the reply. 'In the first place it produced the utmost confusion throughout the whole city. For a few days everybody seemed to be engaged in arresting and prosecuting everybody else. Nobody was safe. The most respectable spirit was liable to be given in charge by a total stranger for an evil thought of the most temporary nature. On one occasion a spirit of the highest character was descending the steps of his house when he happened to see on the other side of the way a person with whom he had had a quarrel some time back, and a beggar who was passing by, immediately handed him over to the police on a charge of ill-feeling. The police, under a new and active commissioner, one day made a raid upon the stock exchange, and apprehended nearly the whole of the members, on warrants charging them with covetousness and a "wish that it were possible to defraud each other with impunity." It was no uncommon thing for a rich and a poor spirit simultaneously to seize each other in the street, and clamour for the police, the former accusing the latter of envy, and the latter retaliating with an accusation of selfishness. But it was the crowning absurdity of the *trial* which gave the final blow to the new criminal code.'

'How so?' we enquired.

'Why,' said the apparitor, 'the reformers who introduced the new system were under the self-delusion which I referred to a little while ago. They had not realised the fact that they were themselves as transparent as the persons against whom they had been so rigorously legislating, and though they took the greatest care in selecting from amongst their number the fittest possible persons to be judge and public prosecutor, it was found impossible to obtain any of sufficient internal purity, to make their assumption of either function anything but the grossest and most painful absurdity. It was too ridiculous to have a judge trying a "coveting case," when the prisoners and every one else could see him plainly longing for something of his neighbour's; or a public prosecutor declaiming against a prisoner charged with "malice," when the working in his own breast of the most acrimonious feelings towards his late mother-in-law, was patent to every spectator in court. They tried for a short time to

mitigate the absurdity by a distribution of work, putting for instance spirits liable to covetous inclinations, to try "malice cases," and *vice versâ* but they found that the classes were not sufficiently sharply divided, and the old anomaly would be always recurring. At last, *solvuntur risu tabulæ*. A very monstrous case turned up, in which the judge was so obviously the moral inferior of the prisoner, that the whole court burst into laughter, in which, to do him justice, "the learned judge joined," as you say on earth when somebody makes a more than usually stupid joke. The prisoner could not be discharged because it is contrary to the law existing. He was sentenced and then pardoned, and the next day the new criminal code was repealed, and now we attempt the punishment only of overt acts.'

'It was certainly a remarkable experiment,' said the M.P., 'and, successful or not, it does the highest credit to the boldness and originality of the statesmanship of those who initiated it.'

'The bold and original statesmen are not far from you at this moment,' said our guide, pointing to a building of a more modern order of spiritual architecture which adjoined the Courts of Justice we had just quitted. 'Yonder is the Chamber of Representatives. The members are now sitting, in fact, they sit *en permanence*, as becomes an immortal assembly.'

'I should like, of all things, to be present at one of their debates,' said the M.P., eagerly. 'Can it be done?'

'Nothing easier,' replied our guide. 'The public are admitted without any restriction in the way of ticket or order. In fact,' he continued, with a slightly melancholy smile, 'no such restriction is necessary, as you will imagine when you learn the subject of debate. The gallery is generally empty, save for a few who go there to indulge a few minutes' curiosity, or to ridicule the members. But here we are.' And, passing under an arched gateway of imposing appearance, we followed him up a winding staircase into the gallery of the chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CITY OF THE EARTHLY LIFE (concluded).

THE Chamber of Representatives in the City of the Earthly Life is in appearance something like our own House of Commons, with the exception that there is no table, and the important consequence of this exception that there is nowhere to put the mace when the House is in session, and no means, therefore, of indicating, by the removal of the 'bauble,'

that members have resolved themselves into committee of the whole House. As the House, however, never goes into committee, and the Speaker, consequently, never leaves the chair, the latter defect is of less consequence, and the only serious informality in their proceedings is, that there is no mace visible when the Speaker is *in* the chair.

An animated debate was in progress, and the apparitor named for our information the various speakers who rose alternately to attack or defend the proposition then before the House. Unaccustomed as we were to the public speaking of spirits, and to the extreme rapidity which they communicate their thoughts, most of the speakers were, to use the M.P.'s expression, 'inaudible in the gallery,' and we were at last compelled to ask our guide what was the subject of discussion.

'Oh,' he replied, 'they have but one subject of discussion, and it arises directly out of the legislation of which we have been lately speaking.'

'Indeed,' said the M.P., 'what is that subject?'

'The question of Free Will,' replied the apparitor, glancing at the country gentleman, whose attention was instantly arrested. 'When they found it impossible to apply criminal law to the correction and punishment of evil wishes and intentions, the efforts of the reformers were naturally directed towards the root of the evil, and they turned their attention to attempts to check and prevent the existence of these evil wishes, intentions, &c., in the breasts of spirits. However, the extreme severity of the repealed legislation has produced its natural effect in a conservative reaction, and the necessitarian party is now in a slight majority. *Their* contention is, that all legislation with the object of improving the moral condition of spirits is futile, and that the utmost they can do is confined to restraining, by the addition of deterrent motives, the manifestations of a bad moral condition in overt acts. They argue that as it is even doubtful whether man is not the slave of the stronger motive, and so incapable of independently influencing even his outward acts, so he must *à fortiori* be incapable of freeing himself from the solicitation of motives, whose *presentation* of themselves to him is,—free will or no free will,—clearly independent of his control. The Free Will party, on the other hand, argue, that motives properly so called are more subjective than objective'—here the country gentleman drew a long breath of gratified interest—'and that though the mere *thought of performing* an evil action may, and perhaps must, always arise in the mind where an alternative of good or evil action is presented, yet this does not constitute a *motive* (which is, in strict language, not an idea of, but a prompting to, action, exercising a certain appreciable bias upon the will), and that, by an assiduous training of the will (to be provided for all by legislative enactment), this force may be reduced to a minimum,

and at last absolutely disappear, so that the so-called motive in question is no longer either felt as a motive by the agent, or is even visible in operation to the spectator. It is a beautiful point, is it not ?

‘It is indeed,’ said the country gentleman.

‘How long have they been debating it?’ enquired the M.P.

‘Continuously, and without a moment’s cessation, through all the years which have elapsed since the repeal of the Criminal Code,’ was the reply.

‘You amaze me,’ said the M.P., ‘pray why the deuce don’t they divide?’

‘All questions before the legislature have to be settled by an unanimous vote,’ replied the apparitor. ‘Do you think the rough human expedient of majorities could be tolerated by spirits, particularly on such questions as this? Besides, where all are equally disinterested, and all equally competent to judge, all should be convinced. So they go on from year to year, speech succeeding to speech, argument to argument. No spirit ever leaves the House, the Speaker never for a moment quits the chair,’ (the poet here cast a glance of profound sympathy at that official) ‘and so they will, nay must, continue in session to all eternity.’

‘Eternity!’ exclaimed the country gentleman, aghast. ‘Humph! that’s rather too much. No one can be fonder of these discussions than I am—in moderation, and with a good bottle of wine to wet one’s logic—but to go on for ever, that seems to me rather a waste of time.’

‘And yet,’ said the M.P., musingly, ‘and yet the vast issues which hang upon the problem; the grand gains to the world of spirits if the advocates of Free Will could prove their case, and law might cease to chastise, and learn to purify. Can an eternity be better spent than in efforts, even futile efforts, to achieve this moral deliverance for one’s fellows. Besides, is it so certain that they *are* futile?’

‘You *know* they are,’ replied the apparitor, half in pity half in disdain; ‘Were they not so on earth, and is the problem any clearer to you here?’

‘No, indeed,’ said the country gentleman, shaking his head.

‘There is but one way of solving it, the way which you have all so well chosen;’ continued the apparitor, always with that unpleasant half-smile that crossed his features when he spoke of our plans for the future.

‘True,’ said the M.P., eagerly; ‘but cannot one reveal the solution to others?’

‘Impossible,’ replied the apparitor, in a solemn voice. ‘Between us and that region that holds the keys to the secrets of man’s life, flows the great River of the Mystery. None return thence to tell other what they have seen. Each must deliver himself; they that abide in the city are of the city. None can know the secret who will not surrender all

for the knowledge. 'These spirits here,' and he pointed to the disputants below, 'are freed indeed from the lower passions and vanities of the earth, but the pride of intellect and the joy of dispute, and the thirst for action, hold them yet. They love the treasure less than the search. Come, let us be going.'

But we still lingered, fascinated by the scene before us. We gazed on those ranks of anxious spirits, bound together by a common passion for unattainable knowledge. We watched the incessant altercation of eager disputants, and the majestic calm of the motionless presiding spirit; we thought of the years that had passed over them in unwearied controversy, of the everlasting, and also of the (to an English mind) utterly unpractical character of their occupation, and a strange mixture of feelings possessed our minds. The indescribable light of the spirit-world flowed in, and flooded that chamber of eternal session; from without floated in the laughter, and light footfalls of the city loungers, and the quick but measured tread of the 'spirits of business,' and the whole panorama of human life seemed unfolded before and behind us, for our admiration, our pity, and our contempt. Life in its contented littleness and its unhappy dignity—life, the round of petty toils and petty pleasures, or the struggle of eternal aspirations and eternal defeat.

'You have seen enough of the city,' said the apparitor, as we left the chamber, and regained the open street; 'and our time moreover is short. We must return to Minos. The Court will have risen, and the Chief Justice will be expecting us.'

We followed our guide through the streets of the city, not sorry to be leaving it—I speak, at least, for the majority. With the exception of the M.P., whose thoughts were still lingering by the scene we had just left, we were all heartily wearied of its sights and sounds. We had not been on earth the mere toilers at business or pleasure from whose ranks the vast spirit population of this city is recruited. Its ceaseless inexorable life filled us with bewilderment and unrest. No doubt, as the apparitor had told us, the fashion of the world we had left still clung to us; but we could not think of the utter *sleeplessness* of this densely-populated city without a kind of terror. We felt—only with infinitely more intensity—the sensations of a man who, standing at midnight on some eminence that neighbours London, and listening to the faint murmur which never quite ceases in her streets, suffers himself to think of the mighty city as of *one* living being. Then he will think how, for years, perhaps for centuries, this creature has never known sleep—such sleep as visits the hamlet when the last footfall has sounded in its single street, the last cottage-door has been shut, the last lattice quenched, and the river left to babble to itself under the deserted bridge; but how, for generations and generations, *she* has waked through the endless proces-

sion of the hours—sleepless in her toil, her revel, and her tears : the last footsteps of the night's debauch sounding through her vexed streets with the first footsteps of the morrow's toil—a red glare ever overhanging her roofs like the reflection of her fevered unslumbering eyes !

But this awe, which none feel on earth but those who can realise and think of a great city as a whole, oppressed us, fresh from the earth, with far greater urgency in this city where no one slept, and but few even rested. We now contemplated, with all our former horror and aversion, the condition of those spirits who could voluntarily plunge themselves in turmoil more restless and incessant than that of an earthly city—unrelieved even by those pauses which render such a life tolerable upon earth. I must however add, in common fairness, that we were naturally beginning to get bored with a city in which we had seen all the sights which it had to show us ; and the moral repulsion which we now felt reviving in our minds when we thought of its inhabitants, was no doubt largely stimulated by *ennui*. Still, from whatever cause, we were well pleased to find ourselves emerging from the city by way of one of its fashionable suburbs. To closely-packed streets began to succeed rows of semi-detached houses, then of detached villas ; then gardens began to appear ; and at last we stood on the very limits of the city, with a wide and smiling plain before us. The country gentleman breathed again.

‘Ha !’ he exclaimed, with a long and hearty expiration, ‘it is something to be free of that place of turmoil and vanity and crime, and to breathe again the fresh air of the country.’

‘To me,’ said the poet, gazing on the fair and quiet scene before us, ‘it is sweet, but also, as ever in lifetime, sad. It has awakened in me anew that infinite longing to know all that is beyond.’

‘Of course, of course,’ said the country gentleman, a little disconcerted. ‘That of course. No doubt the sight of a scene like this does awaken in one—as you say—the infinite—upon my word this looks excellent soil.’

‘It is, indeed, very fine,’ replied the apparitor. ‘It is the part of Hades in which those spirits who prefer an agricultural life generally select their allotments.’

‘What,’ said the country gentleman, attempting, but without success, to disguise his agitation, ‘is this where the high farming you spoke of is carried on ?’

‘It is,’ replied the other. ‘Look there, and there.’

And sure enough we saw, on looking round, that the landscape was portioned out into allotments, each with its little farm and homestead in its midst, the picture of rural ease and plenty and content. The arable land blazed with the yellowest crops, the pasture land smiled with unspeakable verdure, cattle of a sleekness unattainable by earthly oil-

cake lounged and lay around. Most singular of all to behold, each allotment had a weather of its own—one lay bathed in sunshine, another drowned in torrents of descending rain, and sunshine succeeded rain, and rain sunshine in every allotment, at the mere wish of its proprietor. Under the guidance of the apparitor, we approached the farms for a closer inspection, and walked round several of them, minutely examining the crops. The proprietors stood each in the midst of his allotment, gazing at the sky with an expression of the bitterest discontent. The agricultural *tout ensemble* was perfect, and it needed but a glance at our country friend to see how profound an impression it was producing on his mind.

‘The spot is convenient for the city, you see,’ said the apparitor, slyly.

‘Yes,’ muttered the country gentleman, ‘one likes a run there sometimes. It is the very thing,’ he continued in lower tones, ‘the very thing.’

We remained a long time gazing upon this rural scene, some of us a little impatient to depart, but all unwilling to rouse the country gentleman from the deep reverie into which he had fallen. The M.P. had been wrapped in profound musings ever since he had quitted the city, and had hardly vouchsafed a passing glance at the scene which was so absorbing his companions’ attention. At last the apparitor broke silence.

‘Come, gentlemen,’ he said, ‘we must indeed be going. We shall barely have time to return to the Court and have your papers made out before it will be necessary for us to set out on our journey to the mysterious region for which we are bound.’

These last words seemed to rouse the squire with a start from his musings, and an almost painful expression flitted across his features at our guide’s last words, but with a heavy sigh he turned away and prepared to follow the rest of the party in our return journey.

The M.P. was the first to speak.

‘Sir,’ he said, addressing the apparitor, with the air of a man who after long hesitation has at length resolved. ‘Be so good as to inform their lordships when we reach the Hall of Justice that I have changed my mind as to the course of life which I will adopt.’

‘Indeed,’ said our guide, with a polite affectation of surprise; ‘may I ask what——’

‘I desire my passport to be made out for the city,’ said the M.P., shortly.

The poet looked at him with an expression of contemptuous surprise, which we all did our best to imitate, though not without some misgivings as to the appearance which our inmost thoughts presented to the spectator.

'It is vain,' continued the M.P., candidly; 'for me to attempt to do further violence to my real nature and propensities. I ought to have known throughout what I am now effectually reminded of, that my only happiness lies in a life of action, in the eager contests of public life, in the attempt, however futile, to set matters a little straight, legislatively speaking, in that city of confusion.'

There was a slight touch of arrogance in his tone, as became the spirit of an advanced radical, but the apparitor made no comment upon it. He merely bowed with a grave smile and said:

'I will take care that your change of plan is represented to their lordships.'

'Yes,' resumed the M.P.: 'the repose of satisfied enquiry, the fruition of complete knowledge, which might be the height of happiness to others, would be only irksome to me—I feel that my proper function in whatever world I may find myself, is to legislate.'

'And mine,' cried the country gentleman, emboldened by his companion's candour to a similar confession, 'mine is to farm.'

'What!' exclaimed the apparitor, in a tone of disappointment; 'do you too depart from your ideal? You, at least, I had believed to be truly interested in the problem of man's life.'

'So I am,' cried the country gentleman; 'much so, no one more so, I am sure; but then,' and his gaze wandered wistfully back to the fields we had left: 'To give up everything to learn the truth! The journey once made, you say can never be retraced. Suppose I should regret my choice?' he continued doubtfully. 'I know I shall never regret farming. I have tried that, whereas I have never tried solving the problem of life—that is, effectually. No, I wish you all good speed on your journey, but for my part I consider it folly to endanger my happiness for all eternity by adopting a life for which I am unfitted; and though I own I abandon with reluctance the prospect of solving the question of Free Will, as to which I still feel convinced that my view was the right, and the vicar's the wrong one—yet on the whole I think I had better remain here and farm.'

The apparitor shrugged his shoulders.

'So be it,' he replied. 'I will recommend you for the next allotment. Is there any other gentleman who has changed his mind?'

We stole furtive glances at each other. The poet, I could see, was firm, and his desire to enter upon the life which he had selected, was as strong as ever. The artist had no fancy for either the life of the city or for rural pursuits, but I could read in his mind a certain dissatisfaction with the prospect before him, and something of regret that he had met with no opening which offered any greater attractions. For my own part I repudiated with sufficient firmness the suggestion of abandoning my

chosen career, but as I uttered my disclaimer, I wondered whether my companions could really read the strange mixture of motives with which I did so. But by this time we had reached our destination, and the Palace of Justice again rose before our view.

[*To be continued.*]

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

I DREAMED a dream upon a summer night—
Methought I wander'd on a silent shore,
Where the sea seemed to sleep for evermore
Under the lustrous stars—or in the light
Of a full moon, which silver'd ev'ry height,
And cliff, and crag. And now a song stole o'er
The waters, wailing ; and eftsoons a roar,
Like choral voices mingling in their might.
Wond'ring, I climbed upon the glitt'ring rocks,
And looked around. It seem'd that spirits sang—
When, lo ! the white mermaidens, with fair locks
Of pearlèd hair. Again the voices rang
In one grand dying cadence o'er the sea,
Like Eve's last Eden song, with seraph's symphony.

B.

A DAY IN KENT.

BY LORD R. GOWER.

It would be difficult to find throughout England a pleasanter excursion than the one I shall try to describe. Leaving the luxurious hotel of the Royal Oak at Sevenoaks at a reasonable hour, and returning long before dark, I passed through some of the loveliest scenery that can be found even in this 'garden of England,' and visited a place which for picturesqueness and quaintness is, I believe, unrivalled. I refer to Ightham Mote, where many a long day might be profitably spent by an artist.

By referring to Murray, we are informed that the earliest histories date as far back as the reign of Edward III. ; the derivation of the name is from 'Eyte' and 'ham'—'the hamlet of the Eyte.' Until within a very short distance the Mote is invisible, surrounded by fine old trees, of which a group of stately cedars that flank its garden side are the most conspicuous. Passing over the Mote, which is so clear that the fish, of which it seems to abound, are plainly seen darting about the water-lilies and other plants floating on the surface, you enter under a square embattled tower into the yard or quadrangle. Nothing can surpass the picturesqueness of this court. On your left is a tall, half-timber-built belfry tower ; facing you a row of ornamental gables, and to your right the Gothic mullioned windows of the great hall. The interior has been sadly modernised, but the chapel has still some fine old specimens of painted glass. The most interesting one has, however, been placed in Ightham Church : it represents Henry VII. and his Queen, and is a splendid specimen.

Not only is the eye delighted by this grand old place, but the ear has also a share ; the otherwise perfect stillness of the place is swarming with sound, and the drove of bees within the court is as soothing a sound as the plash of a score of little springs that fall into the Mote.

Ightham Mote was, however, only one of the many objects of interest of this excursion : Ightham Church must not be forgotten. Here, under a bust of a pious-looking, be-ruffed old lady, are the following lines :—

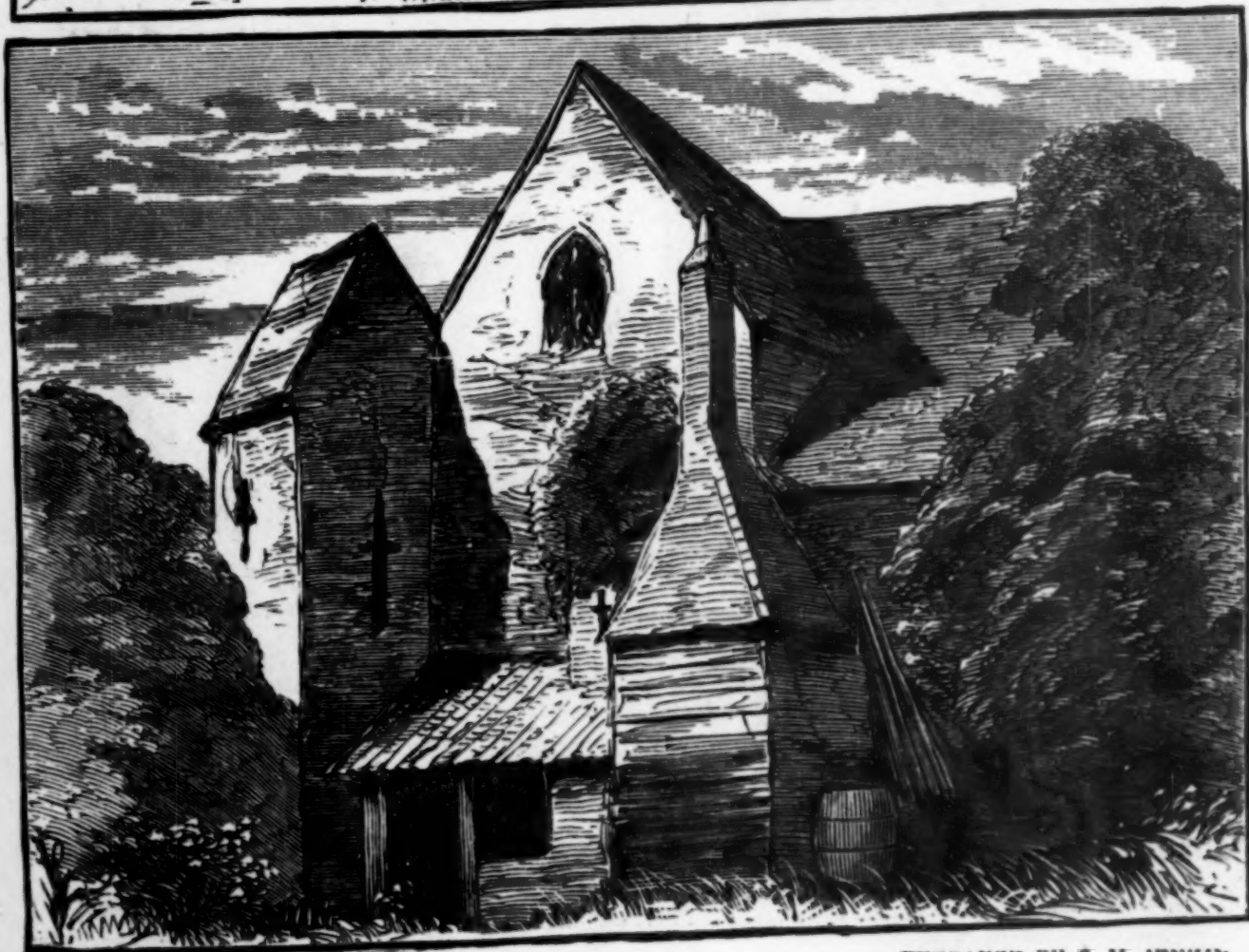




• IGHTHAM • MOTE • FROM • THE • GARDENS •

DRAWN BY E. F. C. CLARKE.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.



DRAWN BY E. F. C. CLARKE.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.



'She was a Dorcas,
 Whose curious needle turned the abused stage
 Of this leud world into the golden age ;
 Whose pen of steele and silken inke enrolled
 The acts of Jonah in records of gold ;
 Whose art disclosed that plot which, had it taken,
 Rome had tryumph'd, and Britain's walls had shaken.
 In heart a Lydia, and in tóngue a Hanna,
 In zeale a Ruth, in wedlock a Susanna.
 Prudently simple, providently (?) wary,
 To the World a Martha, and to Heaven a Mary ;
 Who put on immortality in the year of her pilgrimage 69, 1641.'

Can any of the contributors to *Notes and Queries* give any information about the part that this paragon of a widow (she was, states the inscription, the relict of Sir William Selby) had with the discovery of Guy Fawkes' plot?

Close [by the Church is a half-timber, half-brick house, belonging, I believe, to a descendant of 'Dame Dorothy,' and this is another treat for those who are fond of a perfect specimen of old English domestic architecture. But we must not linger too long at Ightham, having four miles to go on the way to Maidstone to see one of the most curious old places in Kent—namely, Soar Place, or, as it is now called, 'The Old Shore Farm.' To get to this we pass along a road on each side of which the meadows are scarlet with clover, and golden with a lovely little yellow flower called 'cadlack,' For miles, what seems an endless park, with fine old timber, stretches away to the south, and beyond appears the road once used by pilgrims bound for St. Thomas's shrine at Canterbury. If Vicat Cole has not painted this view, the sooner he pays a visit to Wrotham Hill the better.

Soar Place appears to have once been a house of some importance (circa 1300): even now traces of a chapel are seen in a room full of farm implements; and a corkscrew-staircase of cut stone leads into what once was probably the abbot's apartment, now converted into a pigeon-house. The place is now nothing but an appendage to an ugly farm-house; and one cannot help regretting that its present owner should be so unworthy of such a possession. But the afternoon is passing away, and, in order to have a gallop amongst the glades in Knole Park, we must turn homewards.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

AMONG the many changes hitherto brought about by this century of shiftings and transitions, not the least remarkable is the sudden evolution whereby the kingdom formerly regarded as the youngest and weakest in the family of Great Powers, has suddenly distanced its elder brethren in the race of glory and ambition, and forced its way to the foremost place in the battle fields and council chambers of the Continent. The policy of abstention, by which our country has of late years practically waived all concern in events transacted without its four seas, had left Central and Western Europe to resolve itself into a kind of triangle of forces, whose three sides answered to three great countries, and whose salient points lay at Paris, Vienna, and Berlin respectively. Now that the third side has, contrary to the terms of the well-known theorem, proved itself greater than the other two, the question arises whether the dynamic result thus obtained is likely to submit without dispute, or whether it is threatened with disturbance by a fourth force, hitherto held in reserve, outside the triangle. With England reduced to the position of a mere spectator, while France and Austria are still staggering under the crushing blows dealt to them in 1866 and 1870, it follows that danger can only come to the victors of Sadowa and Sedan from the enmity of the one remaining Great Power. In other words, if Russia, departing from the neutral and even friendly attitude she has hitherto maintained, were now to throw her sword into the scale of the opponents of her old ally, the newly raised fabric of Prussian empire might then be menaced with disaster and downfall.

The problem to be determined may therefore be stated as follows—Given the recent victories of Prussia, and her present ascendancy in Germany and in Europe, does the policy of Russia, founded upon her traditional statesmanship and her actual condition, point to peace or to war as the more probable issue.

Now, it must be admitted that, after the two principals in this question, none of the various parties concerned will contemplate it with a

deeper interest than the French nation, and as several of the leading organs of opinion in France eagerly insist upon the likelihood of the warlike solution, it may be not amiss to examine the grounds on which their confidence rests. The French reasoners seek to represent the good understanding which has existed for upwards of a century between Russia and Prussia as a form of intercourse resembling the friendship defined in La Rochefoucauld's maxims, a mere self-seeking 'interchange of good offices' between two aspirants, who had indeed found means to reconcile their separate ambitions for a given period, but who were predestined by the nature of things to see their friendly relations transformed into bitter feud and contention as soon as their respective interests should cease to coincide. This fatal moment, according to the same authorities, has now arrived; the Treaty of Frankfort, concluded last year, marked the limit of the period within which the courts of St. Petersburg and Berlin could pursue a parallel policy; they no longer possess a single aim or object in common, and their international relations will from this point begin to entangle themselves into a Gordian knot, which the sword must sooner or later cut asunder.

In support of the French view, it will perhaps be not difficult to point out that, notwithstanding the familiar notion which represents Russia and Prussia as two inseparable brothers-in-arms, knit together by the most intimate alliance, the connexion between them really rests upon frail and unstable bases, which will not bear the smallest strain, and which may give way at any moment.

In the first place, if we analyse the nature of the ties which have so long connected the two countries in question, we shall find no trace, on either side, of any broad, popular, and national sympathies, such as those, for instance, which in the middle ages united France and Scotland in such familiar amity, that each wayfarer from the northern kingdom was greeted as a welcome guest and brother-in-arms in every town and castle that held for the House of Valois. The average German, on the contrary, feels for the Russian that instinctive aversion and disdain to which the contact with races more or less behindhand in culture and in 'moral civilisation' is apt to provoke the Teutonic nature; and to this sentiment the Muscovite masses respond in general by regarding their western neighbours as arrogant and intrusive aliens, who are wont to swarm across the frontier in search of fortunes and honours, and to secure for their own advantage all the public employments, the offices of state, and the productive careers in the Russian Empire, thereby supplanting and humiliating the native population.

The alliance between the two powers has been little else than official, governmental, and dynastic, and has depended in a very large measure upon the personal will and pleasure of the reigning monarch for the

time being. Thus, within the short period of the Seven Years' war, the attitude of Russia toward the Great Frederic passed through three different phases, answering each of them to the reign of three successive autocrats.

The Empress Elizabeth, in whose last years the struggle began, was Frederic's bitter and implacable enemy ; she threw herself heart and soul into the Franco-Austrian alliance against him, poured army after army into his hard-pressed territory, and inflicted upon him more than one of his most terrible defeats. She died, and was succeeded by the Czar Paul, an ardent admirer of the royal hero, just at the moment when the latter, crippled by reverses, was on the eve of succumbing to the terrible odds he had so manfully resisted. At the signal-word of the new Emperor the whole Russian contingent passed over, bag and baggage, from the camp of the Allies to that of Frederic, but after a few months there followed a fresh change of reign at St. Petersburg, and the short-lived Paul was replaced by the great Catherine. She, having resolved to stand strictly neutral between the contending parties, instantly recalled her generals and soldiers, who thereupon quitted the field on a very critical moment, and at the shortest notice. Shortly afterwards France also withdrew from the quarrel, and the great war thus reduced itself to a kind of personal duel between Frederic and the Empress-Queen, till the whole contention was adjusted in 1763 by the Treaty of Paris, which recognised both Russia and Prussia, for the first time, as great powers. From that time all the relations between these states have been marked throughout with the utmost harmony and good will, the most intimate personal intercourse has been maintained between the two royal Houses, and at every great crisis which has occupied the attention of Europe, the two governments have taken common action, or have at least aided and abetted one another.

First came the partition of Poland, into which these two Powers entered cheerfully and *con amore*, whereas Maria Theresa, the third party to the transaction, hung back for a long time, and was only induced at length to share in the proceeding, with the view of strengthening her borders against a dangerous and aggressive neighbour, whose sudden extension of his dominions from the Dnieper to the Vistula had advanced his frontier several hundred miles nearer to the Austrian capital.

In the wars arising out of the French Revolution, Russia and Prussia fought side by side, first against the Jacobin Republic of 1793, and then against the Empire of the First Napoleon. In the Crimean war, Prussia, without drawing the sword, rendered an important moral support to the cause of the Czar, who would probably have seen the ranks of his active enemy reinforced by the troops of Austria had she not been held in check by the attitude of the Berlin Government.

This good service Russia was able to requite in the year 1870, by placing a practical veto on the desire shown by Austria of entering the lists on behalf of France, and so seeking revenge for Sadowa.

However, according to M. Laveleye, one of the ablest pens attached to the *Revue des deux Mondes*, the fall of Paris, the Treaty of Frankfort, and the re-establishment of the Germanic Empire, marked the extreme point within which it was possible for Russia to view with complacence the progress of her neighbour's power; and the Gastein interview of last autumn pointed to the commencement of a new order of friendships and alliances. The French writer propounds and supports his conclusions by a masterly series of arguments which may be summed up as follows :

Since the Muscovite nation first fashioned itself, the capital idea which has always presided over the whole Russian policy has been the progressive expansion of the empire on all sides towards limits which, for the present at least, are far from being attained. One of the most important articles in this unwritten code of covetous ambition relates to the ultimate disposal of the territories at present held by the decrepit kingdom of Turkey, and the various issues here involved are commonly summed up under the familiar heading of 'The Eastern Question.'

This Eastern question is viewed by the Russian statesmen with the most keen and eager interest, inasmuch as its solution in the Russian sense would convey to the Czar the command of the greatest river in Central Europe, and the possession of a magnificent line of seaboard fronting upon the Mediterranean. These grave consequences have equally excited the attention of the other four Great Powers, who have in general been impelled by the instinct of self-preservation to second Turkey in her endeavours to prolong her tottering existence, and to stave off the crisis impending over her. It is true that Joseph II. of Austria did for a moment fall into the temptation of concluding with Catherine II. a secret treaty for the parcelling out of the Ottoman territory, but the project failed, owing to the unlooked-for resistance of the Turks; and since that time the Vienna Government, clearly perceiving what danger to itself such a transaction would involve, has steadily refused to repeat its mistake.

As the simplest rules of strategy demonstrate that the vantage-ground afforded her by the angle of the Transylvanian frontier would enable Austria without striking a blow to compromise the safety of any Russian force that should venture to cross the Danube, the most clear-sighted statesmen of St. Petersburg are beginning to despair of a satisfactory solution of the Eastern question, unless the military power of Austria can be first paralysed. To attain this end, there lie at the disposal of Russia two separate means of action, which must be made to work together : she can agitate and undermine Austria from within by foment-

ing the troublesome question of the nationalities, and she may at the same time threaten her from without by arming herself with a foreign alliance.

For the carrying out of the former enterprise, Russia has, within the last few years, been furnished with a powerful lever by the rise of the so-called Panslavic idea; that is to say, of the doctrine that all the members of the Slavonic family (fifteen millions of whom are at present subject to the Hapsburg sceptre) ought to look to Moscow as the common centre of their historic and national life. This notion propagates itself all the more readily in Austria because all the Slavic populations there established are not indeed oppressed, but held in a thoroughly subaltern position, and are therefore disposed to look with envy upon the eight million of Austrian Germans as the preferred and privileged race.

Much greater difficulties, however, beset the second part of the anti-Austrian programme, which consisted in the selection among the Great Powers of an ally who would accept the extreme consequences of a successful war of conquest carried on by the Czar against the Turkish Sultan; and here the line of conduct, subtlety, and astuteness of the tactics lately adopted by the St. Petersburg Cabinet cannot be too much remarked.

Twenty years ago the project of overpowering Austria with a view to the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire would, if entertained by Russia, have excited nothing but resentment and resistance throughout Europe. Even Prussia, notwithstanding her friendly relations with the Czar, and her sympathy with his cause when engaged in a purely defensive war in the Crimea, could never, from her point of view as a leading German state, have permitted an aggressive enterprise tending to make the Danube a Russian river.

As for France, we have seen that a much slighter cause than this induced her, in her days of glory and grandeur, to draw the sword against the Emperor Nicholas, and to wrest from him, with the help of England, one of his strongest fortresses. So long, then, as two of the Great Powers were so disposed, it was idle for Russia, especially after the experience of 1853, to think of striking a blow, and she was forced to suspend her views upon Turkey until the state of Europe should be greatly altered.

But the Sadowa campaign, by weakening Austria, and by exciting into more intense movement the jarring claims of her wrangling nationalities, favoured the game of Russia, and that Power has reaped still further advantage from the effects of the Franco-Prussian war. In the first place, she has secured the removal of the irksome restrictions laid upon her by the Black Sea treaty; and she has also gained another point, which, though less direct, obvious, and immediate, is nevertheless well worth remarking. Prussia, by the abject prostration and ruin to which

she has lately reduced France, and to which Russia, as has been already stated, in some measure lent herself, by deterring Austria from coming to the rescue of the defeated Power, has left in her rear an enemy so implacable and so vindictive, that Russia, if forced to cope with Germany, in order to gain her ends in the Turkish question, will probably find an eager ally in the very nation which was foremost in baffling her ambition eighteen years ago.

Thus, instead of meeting the compact resistance which all Europe would formerly have opposed to Russia's march across the Danube, the Czar will now only have to deal with Germany, whose chance of successful resistance will be greatly diminished by the circumstance that she will have to defend herself against a flank attack coming from France. This grave and notable result of the late war was doubtless foreseen throughout by the Czar's advisers, and may possibly have been not the least decisive of the motives which induced the Russian Government to look with patience upon the wholesale successes achieved by the Emperor William.

Such in general is the process of reasoning developed by M. de Laveleye. He might also, in support of his manner in forecasting the future, have alleged the popular instincts and feelings prevailing between the two countries, which, as we have seen, are not of a nature to act as a safeguard for permanent peace; and it should also be borne in mind that the Court influence, so powerful in Russia, will certainly, at the next change of reign, be exercised in a warlike direction. Two stumbling-blocks for the present interpose between the Russian war-party and the blow they would fain level against Germany. The first of these is the incomplete state of the railway system throughout the Empire; and the second lies in the personal attachment felt by the present Czar for the royal family of Berlin. But as neither of these obstacles can be other than of a temporary nature, we may, on the whole, be persuaded that after the lapse of a certain period, the Prussian State will have to undergo a terrible ordeal, the issue of which no human foresight can determine. If, therefore, the years of grace still remaining be not well and wisely employed by her in preparing for the day of peril, she may yet, in spite of her glory and her successes, come to verify, by her example, La Fontaine's conclusion:

'Tout vainqueur insolent à sa perte travaille;
Soyons-en sûrs et prenons garde à nous,
Après le gain d'une bataille.'

SPANISH STRUGGLES FOR LIGHT AND RIGHT.

BY KARL BLIND.

THE secret history of the remarkable rising which resulted in the overthrow of Bourbon rule in Spain, has yet to be written. The party leaders, statesmen, and military and naval commanders, who wrought that extraordinary achievement, might, by publishing memoirs on the occult parleys which preceded it, produce a work full of fascination more strange than any work of fiction. Very seldom, however, will those who have established a great political fact consent to let the public look behind the scenes. They generally fear by doing so to detract from its dignity. Often they have good reason also, from a personal point of view, to hide some dark chapter; or they are unwilling to provoke, by statements which may appear one-sided, the jealousies of fellow-workers with whom they have alternately been in friendly contact and at hostile issue. Lastly, the men most actively engaged in the heat and hurry of political warfare, sorely lack the leisure necessary for writing memoirs. Hence the records of history so often become a mere 'tissue of fables that have been agreed upon.'

Had anyone in public foretold a few years ago the expulsion of the ancient royal race of Spain, he would have been looked upon as an eccentric dreamer, whose intellectual condition would form a fit subject for inquiry. Yet prophecies of apparently the most eccentric kind may safely be indulged in if he who utters them is in a position to work for their fulfilment. I am able to furnish a striking proof. In spring, 1868, a Spanish leader, whose name is at present one of the most illustrious, literally addressed, when in London, where Prim at that time lived, the following words to some exiles of various countries: 'In a few months,' he said, 'a number of our generals will most probably be arrested—among them even Marshal Serrano, whose former personal relations with the Queen are notorious. A new military movement, in

the Constitutional sense, is on foot. We have nothing to do with it ; we bide our time. Prim is not our man. But you will see that in a few months after that movement shall have been crushed, *there will be another rising, of greater importance, in the democratic sense. Our great towns are prepared for that !*

The Spanish leader then went into details, unfolding a plan of the agencies to be employed, and mentioning the probable time when the outbreak would take place—all of which afterwards came to pass most remarkably in the manner he had foretold it. Though he spoke among men of action, accustomed to form plans and to carry them out with precision, I well remember the doubts which at the time hung over the minds of the small circle of exiles alluded to. But it all turned out correct. I may add that, about two months before the successful Revolution which drove out Queen Isabella, the astounding prediction of that Spaniard was published in the Continental press—of course unheeded by the reading public, who regarded it as a wild guess, or a windy bragadoccio.

As a corollary, it will be of interest to mention that in July, 1868, immediately after the suppression of the Montpensier movement, or what was believed to be his movement, it became known on good authority to a few men in London that a secret convention had been negotiated between the Courts of Paris and Madrid, according to which, in the emergency of a war on the Rhine, Queen Isabella was to send an army corps to Rome, so as to enable Louis Napoleon to withdraw his troops from there, and to strengthen his aggressive force in the direction of Germany, against which he was then meditating an attack. The negotiations took some time. An exchange of Royal and Imperial visits at Biarritz and San Sebastian had, however, been arranged, for the purpose of placing the final seal upon the convention. But, by a most dramatic coincidence, the report of the rising at Cadiz arrived at the Spanish watering-place the very moment when Queen Isabella had ordered her carriage for the intended drive beyond the Pyrenees. In the nick of time the French ruler was thus warned not to embark in a fatal enterprise. Nevertheless, the course of events at home and abroad proved too strong for him, and he felt sped on in a career at whose end lay his own ruin and the signal defeat of France.

Officered by military leaders belonging either to the moderate Liberal, or to the formerly dynastic section of the Progressist party—some of them ex-favourites of the Court, who wished to avenge a grudge—it was self-evident that the movement, if strong precautions were not taken, would at once relapse into a dynastic groove. This is what the Republicans, through whose co-operation the revolution of September was powerfully aided, wished to avert, for party reasons of their own.

The difficulty, however, was to establish a common ground between the military chiefs, without whom the army of Isabella could not be vanquished, and the Democratic party, whose support was absolutely necessary in order to enlist the towns on the side of the intended rising. I know on good testimony that, even so late as the beginning of the year 1868, several attempts at bringing about a concert of action remained utterly without result. Neither Serrano, nor Prim, nor others of that class, were then ready for a general union. The harsh pride of sectional leaders, and the fierce narrowness of military cliques, would continue the usual endless round of abortive attempts, rather than join hands with a party section that was differently officered. The Spaniards, it ought to be remembered, had until then been accustomed to work by strict party, and even clique, machinery, and their proceedings had always had a strong dash of jealous rivalry with the 'next door neighbour.' This frequently gave them their impetus, but in course of time, with the increasing number of sections, it proved the main source of their weakness against the Bourbon Crown.

Those who had in vain endeavoured to break the strange spell under which the majority of the military lay, at last resolved to work a cure by temporarily increasing the evil. Being informed of a new conspiracy, in what was supposed to be the Montpensier interest, they purposely created a void around it. They knew that it would thus necessarily fail; and they calculated on its failure. They hoped that the very magnitude of the evil would prove its own remedy: and so it did. To these tactics referred the declaration of the Spanish leader alluded to, who said, in the early part of 1868:—'A new military movement, in the Constitutional sense, is on foot. We have nothing to do with it; we bide our time. Prim is not our man. But you will see that in a few months *after that movement shall have been crushed*, there will be another rising, of greater importance, in the Democratic sense.'

After the 'Montpensier' movement had failed, Prim, to my knowledge, changed his attitude; that is to say, he now allowed assurances to be given confidentially, in his name, in a Democratic sense. This was done through a military friend of his, at present occupying a high position, and who always had cultivated Republican connections. Prim himself is supposed to have in years gone by—a long, long time ago, it is true—formed part of a *venta*, or revolutionary lodge; and this fact was brought to recollection when it appeared likely to serve a purpose. It was said, then, that the General had returned to his early Democratic ideas. I believe it is little known in public that his friend, in a moment of excitement, made a Verrina-like asseveration, and uttered a conditional threat against any would-be Fiesco; so that even men whose least fault was over-confidence, entertained a notion—very mistaken, as they after-

wards found out—about Prim intending to act the part of a Washington. That notion, strangely enough, lingered among some members of the Democratic party long after the Count of Reus had given the clearest proofs of his strong Monarchical leanings. His career came to a sudden and tragic end when the appearance of a new King on Spanish soil had dispersed the last possibility of a doubt.

The result of frequent and laborious conferences in the early part of 1868 was, that the different Liberal, Progressist, and Democratic sections finally agreed to advance in parallel lines against the Bourbon throne, under the common programme of an appeal to the nation. That programme was composed of three parts:—‘OVERTHROW OF THE BOURBON DYNASTY; proclamation of the SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE; UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE and CONSTITUENT CORTES.’ To the Constituent Cortes it was to be left to establish the future form of government. It was understood as a part of the agreement that the leaders, on account of the great influence they would wield by the army and navy, should refrain from expressing their individual views with regard to the future form of government. The Juntas, which in many towns were composed of uncompromising Democrats, strictly kept the Party Compact. They never, in their proclamations, went beyond the general formulas that had been adopted as a bond of union. The first who retreated from the party compact, before the Constituent Cortes had been assembled, was General Prim, whose letter to the Paris ‘Gaulois’ served as an early rallying signal to those who aimed at replacing the expelled Bourbon dynasty by another monarchical system.

Any one looking impartially at the condition of Spain must have foreseen, after the first few weeks of the successful September rising, that the Republican party had utterly miscalculated their chances when expecting to be represented by a majority in the Constituent Cortes, by means of universal suffrage. There can be no doubt that the Democrats muster strong in many of the towns, as in Barcelona, Seville, Valencia, Malaga, Cadiz, Granada, Saragossa, Valladolid, Cordova, Murcia, Xeres, Reus, Ferrol, and others, and that the population of the South and the East is much leavened with Democratic principles, whilst in the North-West and Centre the ideas of representative government under the monarchical form have greater hold. But numerically speaking, and taking, on the doctrine of universal suffrage, every unlettered peasant and muleteer into account, it was not to be expected that the Republicans would win the day on the electoral field. Now, the programme of the September Revolution introduced universal suffrage; and the Generals who elaborated an organic law to that effect, took care to fix the age of the elector at twenty-five, shutting out those between twenty-one and twenty-five, who had exercised the franchise

under the Constitution of 1812. A progressive element of the rising, better instructed, generation was thus excluded from the right of voting.

It is an error frequently to be met with among advanced popular parties in Europe, that 'universal suffrage will logically produce a Republican commonwealth.' Logically it may; but practically it frequently does not. Had the September Revolution installed a provisional government comprised of Republicans, in the Spanish capital, it is likely enough that the country people would have followed the impulse given them from the towns. In that case Prince Amadeus would not have been offered a crown. To the agricultural mind in Spain, the Court has always been a far distant entity; and as long as communal self-government was respected or extended, the peasantry little troubled themselves about what was going on at Madrid and in the other cities. The error of the Republicans, however, was, that they mistook the semi-democratic notions which the peasantry hold in matters of communal self-government, for a strong and conscious adhesion to the Republican principle in state affairs. Those who reasoned calmly on given data perceived at once that the Spanish Republicans, having once yielded to the establishment of a provisional government of military leaders, and helped to proclaim the introduction of universal and equal suffrage by which the towns were placed in a minority, would inevitably be beaten in the general elections. If the Democratic party had, at least, insisted on a comparatively larger representation of the towns, which are the centres of the intellectual and industrial movement of the country, the advanced popular cause would have reaped considerable gain.

After this rapid sketch of the background on which the present political structure in Spain has been raised, it may be useful to cast a glance at a distinctive feature in Spanish politics, which it is necessary to keep in mind in order to understand some of the best traits, as well as some of the vagaries, of that much agitated country. I mean the marked Federalist tendency which characterises the Spanish populations—their preference for communalism and provincial autonomy, in contradistinction from the centralising tendencies which until lately found their expression in neighbouring France, in an almost total absorption of the national life by the single city of Paris.

This spirit of Federalism is the upgrowth of various deep-lying causes in Spain. Even as in Switzerland, physical geography necessitates, or has hitherto necessitated, a great deal of that local self-rule with which the provincial and municipal history of the country is so strongly impregnated. Spain, like Switzerland, is mapped out in a mountain structure, which strongly separates one part of the kingdom from another, and opposes mighty barriers to centralisation. There is the Cantabrian

range, which forms a long line from the west to the east, with numerous transverse ridges stretching down to the Bay of Biscay, and with its summits here and there reaching above the snow-line. There is the great mountain range whose sierras divide Leon and Old Castile from New Castile and Estremadura, and whose labyrinthine valleys are embedded among gigantic masses of rocky formations. There is the Andalusian range, and, in the far South, the Nevada range, with some of its peaks rising to the height of eleven thousand feet. Besides these parallel ranges there are, in the north-east, other mountain systems, laid out in opposite directions; so that, from this cause alone, different 'Spains' may be said to exist: the natives themselves use that expression. The means of communication being somewhat scanty, of necessity a tendency to local and provincial antonomy grew up, and Federation had the upper hand over the idea of strict Union.

In race also, the Spaniards bear the strong impress of different origin. Whilst in the impenetrable fastnesses of the North the descendants of the Kelt-Iberians (themselves [the mixed offspring of a conquering and a conquered people) have largely preserved their race characteristics and their speech, which has no affinity whatever with the Romanic idiom of Spain, the vast remainder of the nation has been successively influenced, governed, physically changed, by Carthaginians, Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, Germans (Vandals, Sueves, Alans, Goths), Arabs, and Moors. There are parts in which the Gothic infusion is distinctly marked in the energetic features of the population; others in which the Arab and Moorish blood courses darkly through fiery veins. Great variety is also observable in the dialect of the popular classes of the various provinces. It is a variety which here and there approaches the verge of a separation in language. All this tends towards Federalism rather than Centralisation. The lingering tradition of municipal law, as brought in by the Romans, and the subsequent introduction of a strong spirit of self-government by the Germanic tribes who conquered Spain, may be further described as parent stems from which the *ayuntamientos* and the *fueros* have sprung.

The Basque *fueros*—that is, particular constitutions, privileges, and liberties—have, remarkable to say, an ancient Germanic law, the 'Law of the Western Goths,' for their basis. They date from the time when the Goths were pushed back by the Moors into the Cantabrian mountains and the western Pyrenees. Among a mainly Kelt-Iberian people, a Teutonic institution of semi-republican principle was thus preserved, and to this day exercises a remarkable hold on them. Add to this that the kingdom of Spain has been made up of various formerly independent realms, each of which, after the junction under the same crown, retained much of its ancient laws and habits: and it will be easily understood that

not only the Democratic party, which is most deeply imbued with ideas of communal and provincial self-government, has a great tendency towards Federalism, but that this trait should attach also in some measure to a section of the ancient Monarchical party.

This gives a clue to some of the political moves of the Carlist party. Carlism, for the last forty years, has represented Legitimacy combined with Ultramontanism, in opposition to the Liberal principles; but it has also been nourished by the *fueros* spirit—by the spirit of provincialism, only in the more antiquated sense. The stronghold of Carlism has generally been, and still is, in those provinces which have retained their most distinctive traits—in Biscaya, Navarra, Aragon, and Catalonia. It is not merely from the fact of these provinces being in convenient proximity to France that the party of the Pretender generally selected them for its first experiments. True, the 'Apostolical Juntas,' destined to upset the new progressive institutions, were by preference established at the convenient frontiers of Portugal and France, which served as a basis of operation and a line of retreat. For the Carlist party proper, it was equally useful to raise the standard of rebellion near the frontier, in districts where the configuration of the land facilitates guerilla warfare. But irrespective of this consideration, there was an advantage for the Carlists in selecting this north-eastern zone as a ground of operation, in so far as they were able there to attract to the banner of the 'very Catholic and Legitimate King' a number of men who in other provinces would either have remained neutral or opposed the Pretender.

The truth is, that some of those insurgents in north-eastern Spain who flocked into the camp of Don Carlos, had rather Provincialism and Federalism, than Absolutism and Popery, as their ruling idea. The royal and priestly rule, as exercised in pre-revolutionary Spain, though weighing heavily on the nation, had not been able, and in some instances had not been willing, to do away with some local institutions that were dear to the people through old custom. When, therefore, the epoch of a more levelling Constitutional Government arrived, its liberalism, whilst generally succeeding in winning over the towns, was not sufficient to wean the more slow-going country folk from their traditional ways and habits. Hence, either through superstition and political backwardness, or else from a more justifiable feeling that local customs of self-government were worth preserving, the inhabitants of those provinces in which the *fueros* notion was clung to most tenaciously, often struck up an attitude favourable to some Carlist outbreak. In Don Carlos they saw a monarch who might do away with certain privileges of the national representation, and reconfer upon the clergy benefits which the Liberals had taken from them, but who would at the same time restore provincial privileges in their pristine strength. And as these provincial-minded men did not

feel "Spanish" enough to care much for anything appertaining to the central government at Madrid, they were ready, under certain provisoes, even to serve under a Pretender who otherwise represented political and clerical reaction.

This fact must be kept in mind, in order to understand that Carlism could at all make a show—and sometimes even a strong show—of political life in a country which, ever since 1812, has fought so many battles in the cause of advanced liberal Constitutionalism.

It would, however, be an error to suppose that the Liberal parties in Spain have neglected to give a fair share of antonomy to the communes and the provinces. The law of 1823, concerning the *Ayuntamientos*, which was introduced just previously to the reactionary French invasion of that year, decreed, or rather restored, local self-government in a very large degree, as will be seen from the interesting account given by Garrido in his valuable work on 'Contemporary Spain.'

The '*Ayuntamiento*,' or municipal representation—according to the law of 1823—votes the budget and ordains the expenses for all matters within its district. Its sessions are public, and are announced beforehand. There is an obligatory session every week in the communes of one thousand inhabitants, or less; two sessions in those whose population numbers two thousand or upward. The *alcalde*, or mayor, is chosen for one year. The councillors (*regidores*) are annually renewed to the extent of one-half of their number. The Councillors and the Provisional Deputies are re-eligible only after a lapse of four years. Of the *Ayuntamiento*, and of the Provisional Deputation which holds some control over it, no priest, and no man holding an office which is dependent on the central government, can be a member. The law of 1823 establishes also the principle of the inviolability of the private dwellings of the citizens. Those dwellings cannot be entered by Government officials, except in the presence and with the consent of the *alcalde*. The *Ayuntamiento* draws up the voting registers; it forms preparatory commissions in the matter of State elections; it enlists men for the army, navy, and the militia. The *alcalde* may call out the militia if he judges it necessary, whilst the chiefs of that body are not allowed to do so without his permission.

The 'Provincial Deputation' is an authority superior to the *Ayuntamiento*. To it the provincial budgets are submitted. It decides with regard to public works within the province. To the 'Deputation' and the '*Ayuntamiento*' together belongs the duty of denouncing to the National Parliament any acts which are contrary to the Constitution. The minister may suspend an *alcalde* and *ayuntamiento*, on condition of submitting the matter to the Cortes, who give their final decision without appeal. In case of a suspension, the supplementary *alcalde* and councillors, who

are returned for that emergency at each municipal election, take the places which have temporarily been vacant. The 'Political Chief,' or provincial governor, represents the State at large to the Deputation, of which he is the chairman; but he has no other powers than those which the Deputation confers upon him, and he is bound to execute the decisions of that body. Finally, the *alcaldes* and their adjuncts exercise the functions of justices of the peace. No case can be brought before the ordinary tribunal unless the complainant has previously presented himself before the *alcalde*, who administers justice gratuitously.

These principles of self-government have an almost Anglo-Saxon character. They remind us of what is generally considered—though I should say somewhat erroneously considered—to be the exclusive inheritance of the Gothic, Teutonic race, rather than of the characteristics attributed, with more or less justice, to the Latin race, of which the Spaniards, however, can scarcely be said to form a part.

Together with the Constitution of 1812, the *Ayuntamiento* Law, which had come in its wake, was unfortunately overthrown by the French invasion, or subjected, at least, to a great modification. But though later Governments of successful military adventurers also tampered frequently enough with the municipal institutions, the substance of communal self-government was generally preserved through good and evil times. In it, the Spanish nation has often found an antidote to much political misery.

I have, in the above remarks, repeatedly mentioned '1812.' It is a date of greatest mark in the modern history of Spain. The spirit evinced by the Liberal party during that momentous year—when, amidst the roar of a war of independence waged against the foreign invader, a new charter of liberty was wrought by the Cortes—has given the tone to many subsequent movements down to 1868. In the 'Constitution of 1812' we have the key and cue of political aspirations that extended beyond the frontiers of Spain—into Italy and France. It is well to bring this fact to the recollection of those who, until quite recently, were accustomed to regard Spain rather as a fortuitous appendage, than as a living part, of Europe, and who were fond of repeating that apparent witticism, but nevertheless superficial remark, that 'Africa begins west of the Pyrenees.' Men are always glad to get hold of a smart dictum or *bon mot*: it saves so much trouble in studying! Nay, they are apt to wax angry when anyone tries to rob them of such a tinsel bit of rhetorical jewellery, in order to replace it by the solid truth.

No doubt, Spain has for some time revolved in an orbit of her own, out of the ordinary run of European politics. At least, her movements were independent of those of the Continent at large. She generally rose when other nations were quiet and calm. She remained inert when

there was a general struggle for freedom. But with all that, the Spanish efforts at emancipation have been the outcome of the same spirit that permeates Europe; and it is not the fault of Spain if her internal life has been so little studied by those who undertook to judge her. There is, unfortunately, more than one 'Chinese wall' separating nation from nation, even in that small part of the globe which boasts of being the light of the world.

'The Constitution of 1812,' says Garrido, in his work before mentioned, 'has been justly called the Monarchical Constitution of the Latin race, which adopted it as the revolutionary banner in Portugal, in Sicily, in Naples, in Sardinia—proclaiming it, in 1821, in those various states, where it was only put down, as in Spain, by the European reaction of Absolutism. That Constitution remained the watchword of the Liberals until the French Revolution of 1848, which gave to Democracy the Republican banner.' As coming from the pen of a Spanish Democrat, this testimony in favour of the Constitution of 1812 has its special significance. I will not stop to inquire here into the correctness of that much used and much abused expression: 'The Latin race.' Ethnologists, and those who are versed in the science of language, know that though the Italians, French, Spaniards, and Portuguese, all speak idioms which may be described as daughters of the Latin, yet these nations are very dissimilar in descent, and have, in the course of history, been differently moulded by the incoming of other tribes. The Spaniards are more Kelt-Iberian, more Gothic, even more Moorish, than Latin; and had Garrido used the expression: 'the Latin- (or Romanic-) speaking nations,' he would have been more accurate in that respect. However this only by the way!

As to the character of the Constitution of 1812, Garrido is fully justified in dwelling on its importance. That Constitution, so large in its spirit, and more liberal than any of the then existing charters of the Old World—England not excepted—was discussed and proclaimed with majestic calmness by the legislators at Cadiz amidst the sound of hostile cannon thundering at the gates, and whilst a people in arms drove the army of Napoleon, until then victorious throughout Europe, back towards the frontier. The provisions of the Constitution of 1812 remind us of the early charters of the Spanish realms, which bore a representative character arising partly from a democratic source, partly from what may be called an aristocratic parliamentarism, in the better acceptance of the word. The following are its chief provisions:—

'The Nation is sovereign. It cannot be the patrimony of any individual or family. It frames itself the laws necessary for its own well-being. It delegates to the King its executive power. The King is irresponsible, but he can neither contract marriage nor leave the

territory of Spain without the authorisation of the Cortes. The Cortes reserve to themselves the right and power of deciding questions of succession, of deposing the King in case of incapacity, and of determining the kind of education to be given to the heir presumptive. The King's civil list is to be fixed annually. He appoints the ministers; he declares war; he frames treaties of peace, though he cannot ratify them without the previous approbation of the Cortes. He cannot levy imposts without the Cortes. His decrees are incapable of execution until countersigned by a responsible minister. A law three times voted by the Cortes has legal force without his sanction. He can dissolve the Cortes; but they meet in their own right once a year, and must continue in session at least three months. During their prorogation or dissolution, a standing Parliamentary Committee watches over the observance of the laws. That Committee is authorised also to convoke the Cortes if it judges the country to be in danger. The Cortes, together with the King, form the legislative power; but there is only a single Chamber. Every Spaniard of the age of twenty-one is a primary elector. The members of the Cortes must be at least twenty-five years of age. By the organic electoral law, every Spaniard who after 1830 shall be unable to read and write, is deprived of the right of voting. The King takes an oath to observe the Constitution. If he breaks it, the people are no longer held to obey him.'

The right of resistance, in case of an arbitrary act of the ruler, was thus formally acknowledged, in accordance with the well-known ancient formula of the constitution of Aragon. I will not dwell here upon the treachery with which Ferdinand VII.—after having re-obtained, through the exertions of the nation, a crown that had fallen from his head—requited the donors by declaring all the acts of the Cortes unlawful; abolishing the Constitution; restoring the Jesuit establishments; banishing, imprisoning, transporting, and executing those who defended the fundamental law: in a word, running riot in despotic ingratitude. Nevertheless, the Charter of 1812 remained the watchword of the popular party. Under it, Riego rose in 1820, taking as his opportunity the disinclination felt by the troops to be shipped for America, there to reduce former Spanish colonies once more under the Bourbon rule. That movement of Riego's, it will be remembered, succeeded for a time. One of its characteristic features was, that it aimed alike at the re-introduction of parliamentary government, and at the overthrow of priestly influence. In consequence of Riego's temporary success, the Inquisition Tribunal fell. The property of the Fraternity was added to the Desamortisation Fund of the State. Together with entailed estates, monasteries and the orders connected with them were abolished, with the exception of fourteen monastic establishments. A tax was laid upon the

tithes of the Roman clergy. It is reckoned that there were at that time some one hundred and forty-eight thousand clericals of all kinds, whose property amounted to eighteen milliards and seven hundred and fifty million reals! No wonder the Roman Church exerted all its power to get rid once more of the obnoxious constitutional change.

It would lead too far to attempt, in the narrow frame of a magazine article, describing the various Spanish revolutions and counter-revolutions which followed each other during nearly half a century. One of the most tragic reactions, brought about by foreign intervention, was that of 1823-24, when in consequence of the resolutions of the Congress of Monarchs at Verona, a French army of invasion, under the command of the Duke of Angoulême, destroyed the work achieved by the Spanish Liberals. At the instigation of a party of priests and 'serviles,' such horrible acts of barbarity were at that time committed that even the French invaders stood aghast. In the single month of August, 1824, six hundred executions for political offences took place. In September of the same year, there were eight hundred more victims. In October, an additional twelve hundred were sacrificed. That 'White Terror' cut deep into the flesh of the Constitutional party.

However, I will turn away from the more strictly political party history of Spain, and rather treat of a chapter on which many erroneous impressions are prevalent. When the rising of 1868 began, which swept away the Bourbon throne, the common notion was, that Spain had not advanced, in regard to the power and influence of the Roman Catholic Church, beyond the condition in which she had stood in the beginning of the present century. Statistics concerning the priesthood were published which had long ago become superannuated, and gave a totally incorrect idea of the actual state of affairs. Few people were aware of the vast changes that had occurred even within the last twelve years, which had preceded the rising of 1868; changes deeply affecting the intellectual condition of the Spanish nation, and which go far to explain the transformation that so suddenly burst upon Europe as a startling surprise.

The Liberals in Spain had repeatedly endeavoured, since 1812, to restrict the power of the clergy; but subsequent royalist reactions always undid whatever results had been achieved. Some forty years ago there were, it is calculated, still upwards of three thousand monasteries and nunneries in the kingdom. In the province of Galicia, two-thirds of the landed property were in the hands of the priesthood: in Spain at large, fully one-third belonged to the church. The annual revenues of the state were 21,000,000 piastres—those of the church 52,000,000. Something went also to the Holy Chair direct. According to the *Diccionario* of Canga Arguelles, the Spanish Minister of Finance

about the year 1820, the Papal See drew from Spain, between the eleventh and the end of the eighteenth century, the sum of 14,400,000 reals; between 1814-20, the sum of 41,525,226 reals; and from 1820-55, 140,000,000 reals. A change came, however, o'er the spirit of the Spanish people's dream: first, in 1834-35, when a great many conventual establishments were broken up during a popular rising, in which the excited masses gave vent to a passionate hatred against what they regarded as haunts of suppression and idleness; and then, in a more regular though more moderate way, during the revolution of 1854-55. In consequence of that latter rising, the Jesuit convents, and all those 'religious houses' in which there were less than twelve ordained inmates, were abolished or secularised. There remained, in consequence, only about one thousand convents, which in later years, owing to certain legal enactments made by the Cortes, gradually decreased to the number of eight hundred. A similar decrease took place, from the same causes, in the ranks of the clergy.

At the end of the last century, there were 83,118 monks, and 66,687 lay priests—not to reckon the nuns, of whom, on account of their sex, no census was taken at that time, even as in Russia the female population was formerly not counted. Besides 149,805 male members of the clergy just mentioned, there were, at the epoch spoken of, 2666 officers of the Inquisition—in which number the so-called 'familiares,' or secret spies, were not even included. Now, in 1858, we find, according to the *Censo de la Poblacion de España* and the *Nomenclator de los Pueblos de España*, already a considerable decrease. The numbers then were 6702 monks; 43,661 secular priests; and 12,593 nuns—the monks and nuns being destined, by legal enactment, to gradual extinction. In 1861, the conventuals, and inmates of monasteries and nunneries, had further decreased to about 6000; the secular priests to 38,885. Corresponding to this diminution in numbers, there was a secularisation of clerical mortmain property, which, it is unfortunately but too true, went hand in hand with a reprehensible confiscation of much communal property, as well as the property of some charitable institutions.

It will thus be seen that the influence of the Roman Church had been vastly on the decrease even under Isabella's reign, in spite of the Ultramontanist Camarilla. At the same time, owing to the leanings of the Court, the work of emancipation from priestly thralldom was repeatedly stopped: and the new system of popular education, which the party of progress had introduced, was ever and anon perverted and misapplied.

In 1850, there had been whole districts in which the only book of reading for children at school was a Papal bull referring to the Crusades! This was the monastic ideal of primary instruction. But the same party which had carried the secularization of the landed property of

the Roman Church, also carried better regulations in matters of public instruction.

I have before me the table of schools existing in Spain some years previous to the Revolution of 1868, as well as of the annual regular expense for public education; and without going into wearisome details, I will only say that, even then, the outlay for schools in Spain, with her 16,000,000 inhabitants, was nearly as much as in France, with her 37,000,000. The full results of better primary instruction can only come out in some years hence. Still, even according to the census of 1860, there were 2,413,944 males, and 716,071 females in Spain who could read and write; 315,565 males and 389,095 females who could read, but not write. This shows some progress; for if we except countries like Germany, where there is compulsory attendance at school, and consequently a universal diffusion of rudimentary knowledge, we find that in France, for instance, nearly one-third of the men, and nearly one-half of the women, married in 1860, could not sign their names in the register. Even in England, some thirty years ago, 40 per cent. of the married could not sign their names—a proportion which in latter years decreased to about 30 per cent. It will be seen that in Spain the number of uninstructed women is disproportionately large; and this may in part account for the great hold which, in spite of all, the priesthood had continued for years to keep on Spain. 'To rule the men through the women,' is a well-known maxim of the Jesuit fraternity.

The anti-Romanist movement of 1854, bringing with it a better system of primary instruction, has done much to imbue the younger generation of Spaniards with more progressive ideas. A similar intellectual change, in a proportionally higher degree, was wrought among the student youth of the Spanish universities. There are ten such universities in the peninsula—namely, in the towns of Barcelona, Granada, Oviedo, Valencia, Salamanca, Santiago, Seville, Madrid, Valladolid, and Saragossa. That is to say, Spain is dotted over with centres, small though they be, of the intellectual movement: an important fact, in so far as the younger professors and the students in Spain have in latter times frequently mixed in political warfare. Germany owed much to her learned classes during the struggle against Napoleon I., as well as after the recovery of her independence. Tendencies somewhat similar to those which characterised the German *Burschenschaft* have latterly shown themselves among the Spanish students. An ardent desire has also become apparent among the younger *savans* in Spain, of making themselves acquainted with the results of scientific investigation in the more highly cultivated countries. Works which formerly seemed little to the taste of the 'lazy dwellers in the Garden of the Hesperides,' have been

freely translated into the Spanish tongue. The occupation with natural science and philosophical studies is much on the increase. The light is flowing in, dispelling the darkness in which a gifted but long-oppressed people has hitherto groped. Almost unobserved by Europe, which mistook the withered outward aspect of the country for its true character, a new Spain had been intellectually forming for years, until the day came when the old integument that disgraced her limbs was flung aside, and a regenerated nation appeared, ready to begin a new era of life.

The Roman priesthood look with an evil eye upon the growing spirit of enlightenment. The principle of religious equality which has for the first time made its appearance in Spain in 1868, is distasteful to them in the extreme. Even the Constitution of 1812, with all its liberal provisions, did not contain a word of toleration for other creeds than the Roman Catholic state religion. It was only in 1854 that the law was abolished which enabled Government to practice prosecution against those who professed a non-orthodox creed. The movement of 1868 placed the religious question on a broader ground. The watchword of the advanced party now became 'Equality of Right for all Creeds.' This is a sore grievance to the priestly party who have ever since done all in their power to foment a Carlist outbreak, as a means of going back to the blessed old condition of Spain.

All revolutions, if prolonged, are apt to assume a kaleidoscopic character, the successive images being of a startling kind; and prediction as to what will happen next thus becomes difficult. Under ordinary circumstances, parties generally move in clearly marked grooves; but in days of sudden change and turmoil it is frequently individual energy that determines action, while alliances the most unexpected are formed, arising from the feverish eagerness of men to seize or resume power, which in an unguarded moment appears to come within their grasp. This applies with double force to Spain, where for many years past there have been such sudden 'ups and down' of revolutionary and reactionary enterprises. Hence the Carlists, and their allies the Ultramontanists, aided by a section of stiff-necked adherents of the old provincial constitutions, as well as by some gangs of men who are ever ready for the guerilla game, have endeavoured to turn the enmity which exists between the Democrats and the ruling party of King Amadeus, to the profit of legitimacy and priestly right divine. But though the Spanish Revolution, which was begun in 1868, may yet undergo many shocks and counter-shocks, it seems tolerably certain that Carlism, whilst able to harass the powers that be, will not be able to impress its features on the political condition of that country. The real issue in Spain still lies between the new dynastic system and the Republican movement.

JMMENSEE; A GERMAN IDYLL.

INTRODUCTION.

ONE afternoon in late autumn an elderly, well-dressed man, was walking slowly along one of the streets of a certain town in Germany. Judging by the dusty appearance of his tied shoes—relics of the fashions of by-gone days—and by the long gold headed cane that he carried under his arm, he was on his way home, after a walk in the country. His large dark eyes gazed down the long street, now bathed in the misty radiance of sunset, with a dreamy fixedness of expression wherein seemed concentrated all the hopes and memories of his lost youth; so intense was that gaze, and so singularly at variance with the careworn face and the snowy hair. He was apparently almost a stranger in the place, for few of the passers-by appeared to recognize him, though many were involuntarily constrained, by some strange attraction, to look again into the depths of those wonderful eyes.

He stopped finally in front of a tall gabled house, and after glancing once more up and down the street, rang the bell. As the sound pealed through the house a green curtain, which hung before a window looking into the hall, was drawn aside, and the face of an old woman peered through it. When the door was opened the old gentleman shook his stick at her, exclaiming in a slightly southern accent, 'What, no light yet?' and the curtain was immediately dropped. He entered, and crossing a wide vestibule in which were several great oaken cabinets, ornamented with old china vases, he went through a door at the further end into a smaller hall, out of which led a narrow flight of stairs to the upper regions at the back of the house. The old gentleman mounted these stairs, unlocked a door at the top, and entered a room of moderately large dimensions, with something remarkably quiet and home-like about it. One of its walls was covered with book-shelves and cupboards, and on the opposite wall hung some water-colour drawings, and a few sketches of heads and figures. A large arm chair, with crimson velvet cushions, was drawn up to a table heaped with books and papers in all stages of

confusion. The old gentleman, placing his hat and stick in a corner, sat down in the great chair, and folding his hands, seemed to be resting after his walk.

As he sat on there it gradually grew darker; a stray moonbeam fell through the uncurtained window, and creeping along the wall and over the pictures which hung there, drew the old man's eyes unwillingly after it, till they finally rested on a small portrait, set in a narrow black frame.

'Elizabeth!' he murmured, in soft and lingering accents.

He had no sooner uttered the word than everything around him seemed to change—the present dissolved into obscurity, and once more he lived in the days of the past.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHILDREN.

The first person who appeared to him was a pretty, graceful little girl, by name Elizabeth. Once more he was only ten years old, she but half that age. She came running to meet him, calling to him as she ran; and she had a little red silk handkerchief knotted loosely round her neck, which made her brown eyes look all the more brilliant from force of contrast.

'Reinhardt! Reinhardt!' she cried; 'we have not got any lessons to do to-day—and none to-morrow, and none the day after!'

Away went Reinhardt's slate behind the door, and off ran the children through the house into the garden, and away through the garden gate into the wide green meadows.

Here, out in the meadow, Reinhardt had built, with Elizabeth's help, a beautiful turf-house, in which they intended to spend the long evenings together, in the glorious summer-time. There was no seat, but what did that matter? seats are soon made. So Reinhardt, seizing hammer and nails, set to work and banged away vigorously, while Elizabeth wandered off under the wall, filling her apron with the wild mallow's ring-shaped seeds. When Reinhardt, having at last overcome all obstacles, and finished his work, came out again into the sunlight, there was Elizabeth far away at the other end of the meadow.

'Elizabeth!' he called, 'Elizabeth!' and she came running, her long curls flying behind her in the wind.

'Make haste!' he said, 'our house is ready now. Come inside and

sit down on the new seat, and while you are getting cool I will tell you a story.

So they went in and sat down ; and Elizabeth took the ring-like seeds out of her apron, and strung them together, while Reinhardt told his story.

‘There were once three spinsters——’ he began.

‘Oh, I know all that by heart,’ interrupted Elizabeth ; ‘you must not always tell me the same stories.’

So Reinhardt had to leave the three spinsters, and begin instead the story of the poor man who was thrown into the den of lions.

‘It was night by this time, you know,’ he said ; ‘it was quite dark, and the lions were fast asleep. All at once they opened their mouths very wide, and stuck out their red tongues, and yawned. So then the poor man thought it must be morning, and was dreadfully frightened, and shivered all over. Suddenly a very bright light shone all round him, and when he looked up he saw—an angel ! The angel beckoned to him with his hand, and then turned and went straight into the rock.’

Elizabeth had been listening very attentively to this story.

‘An angel,’ she said ; ‘had it wings, then ?’

‘Oh, that’s only in the story,’ answered Reinhardt ; ‘there are no such things as angels, really.’

‘What nonsense, Reinhardt !’ exclaimed the child, looking up suddenly into his face. But seeing that he was rather angry, she asked, doubtfully :

‘Why do they say that there are angels, then ? Everybody says so—mother, and aunt, and everyone at school, too.’

‘I don’t know,’ answered the boy.

‘But, then, are there such things as lions ?’ persisted Elizabeth.

‘Lions ; yes, of course, in India. The priests of the idols harness them to cars, and drive right across the deserts with them. When I am grown up, I shall go there myself and see them. It’s a thousand times nicer there than here ; and they never have any winter. You must come with me, though—you will, won’t you ?’

‘Yes,’ she said ; ‘but mother must go with us, and your mother as well.’

‘No,’ answered Reinhardt, ‘they can’t go ; they will be much too old by that time.’

‘But I shall not be allowed to go by myself.’

‘Oh yes, you will, because you’ll be my wife then, and no one will be able to say anything to you.’

‘But mother will cry.’

‘We shall come back,’ said Reinhardt, impatiently. ‘Just say, straight out, whether you will come or not. If not, I shall have to go alone, and then I shall never, never come back.’

Poor little Elizabeth was very near tears.

‘Please don’t look so cross,’ she said, imploringly; ‘indeed, I will go to India with you.’

Reinhardt, in a burst of delight, seized her by both hands, and pulled her out into the meadow.

‘To India! to India!’ he sang, and whirled her round and round, till her scarlet handkerchief flew off her neck. Suddenly he let her hands go, and said, gravely:

‘It’s no good, Elizabeth; you are not brave enough.’

‘Elizabeth!—Reinhardt!’

Someone was calling them, from the garden gate, and away ran the children, hand in hand, over the broad meadow, towards the house.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE WOOD.

So the children lived on happily together, day after day, year after year. Sometimes, indeed, she was too quiet for him, or sometimes she thought him too rough; but nothing really interfered to interrupt their friendship. When they were not at school, they were almost always together—in winter in her mother’s great wainscoted room, and in summer out in the woods and fields. One day, in Reinhardt’s presence, the schoolmaster had occasion to scold Elizabeth for some small fault; whereupon the boy, rising in his place, banged his slate furiously down on the desk, in the vain hope of drawing the master’s anger on himself, instead of on her, and was bitterly disappointed because no notice was taken of the disturbance. He amused himself, nevertheless, during the geography lesson which followed, in composing a long poem, in which he compared himself to a young eagle, the schoolmaster to a grey old crow, and Elizabeth to a white pigeon. By the time school was over, he had worked himself up to such a pitch of enthusiasm and exaltation, in vowing vengeance on the crow when his young eagle-wings should have grown, that the tears actually stood in his eyes! Directly he got home, he made himself a little book, with a parchment cover, and clean white pages inside, and wrote this, his first poem, with infinite care and trouble in the beginning.

It was very soon after this that he was sent to another school, and of course made many new friends and acquaintances among boys of his own age; but his friendship with Elizabeth continued still as strong as

ever. He took to copying out all the fairy stories that he had told her so often ; and this copying inspired him with a desire to commit some of his own grand thoughts to paper. But, somehow or other, this did not answer. He contented himself, therefore, for the present, with writing out the stories ; and when all were finished he gave them to Elizabeth, who kept them carefully in a drawer. Reinhardt's greatest delight on earth was to hear Elizabeth's mother read them aloud, out of his book, in the long winter evenings.

Seven years passed away, and the time arrived for Reinhardt to leave his native town, and go elsewhere to complete his education. Elizabeth could not bring herself to believe that she would have now to live on day after day without her old playfellow. It was a little consolation to her when he promised to go on writing out the fairy stories just as usual, and enclose them in his letters to his mother ; but he made her promise, in return, always to write and tell him how she liked them.

The time for Reinhardt's departure drew near ; but before the day actually came, he had contrived to scribble a good many poems in the little parchment-bound volume. This was the one secret which he did not share with Elizabeth ; and yet she was responsible not only for the existence of the little book, but also for most of the songs which now nearly half filled it.

It was now the month of June, and Reinhardt was to leave home on the next day. Before he went, a pic-nic party to a neighbouring wood was got up in his honour, and a great number of people were invited to it. They had an hour's drive as far as the beginning of the wood, and then, leaving the carriages, they walked on further, carrying the baskets of provisions. The path led at first through a fir wood, cool, and dim, and shadowy—the ground beneath their feet strewn with the needle-like leaves of the tall pine trees. After a half-hour's walk they emerged from the deep shadows into the bright green of a coppice, where the golden sunlight was streaming through the leaves, and overhead the squirrels were swinging and leaping from bough to bough. At last they came to a place where three or four ancient beech-trees had grown together in a circle, making a transparent leafy canopy, under which the noon-tide halt was called. Elizabeth's mother proceeded to open the baskets, and a certain elderly gentleman of the party was elected master of the ceremonies.

'Come here, you hungry young things,' he cried, 'and listen to what I have got to say. Each of you has brought two rolls for luncheon, and as the butter has been left behind, whoever wants something else besides dry bread must go and look for it himself. There are plenty of strawberries in the wood for those who know how to look for them, and if you are not sharp enough to find them you must go without. You will soon learn that that is one of the rules of life. Do you understand ?'

And all the boys and girls shouted in answer.

'Wait a minute,' continued the old gentleman, 'I have not done yet. We old people have had enough running about in our lives, so we shall stay behind under these great trees, and arrange the table, peel the potatoes, light the fire, and at twelve o'clock, boil the eggs; so we shall have a right to half of the strawberries you bring back, to fill the dessert-dishes. Now be off, and let us have no underhand dealings!'

This time all the young people looked up wickedly, and were turning away, when the old gentleman once more called them back.

'There is, perhaps, no occasion to tell you,' he said, 'that whoever finds no strawberries will, of course, not have to give any away; but bear in mind that in that case the boy or girl who returns empty-handed, will get nothing from the old people. And now I have lectured you enough for once. If you can only find as many strawberries as there is good advice in my lecture, you will be able to exist very well for one day.'

The young people appeared to be of the same opinion, and began forming into twos and threes for the expedition.

'Come, Elizabeth,' said Reinhardt, 'I know where to find a whole bed of strawberries. You shan't have to eat dry bread.'

Elizabeth tied the ribbons of her straw hat together, and hung it on her arm.

'Come,' said she, 'the basket is ready.'

So they wandered off into the wood, deeper and deeper—the solemn shadows closing in over their heads, and the great silence of Nature brooding around them, broken only by the cry of some stray hawk far up in the sky. On and on, through such a growth of bushes and briars that Reinhardt was obliged to go first, and break away twigs and bend back branches, to make a path for Elizabeth. Once, far behind, he heard her calling him: 'Reinhardt! Reinhardt! wait for me!' and turning to look for her, she was nowhere to be seen. At last he caught sight of her, struggling in the bushes, her pretty little head just visible over the tops of the tall ferns. He ran back, and extricating her from the briars, guided her through the wilderness of bush and bramble out into an open space, where blue butterflies were fluttering among the wild woodland flowers. He smoothed her loose hair back from her forehead, and wanted to put on her straw hat for her, but she would not let him till he begged very hard, and then she yielded.

'But where are your strawberries?' said Elizabeth at last, as she stood still recovering her breath after her long scramble.

'There used to be a great many here once,' he answered; 'but the oads must have eaten them all, or the martens—or perhaps, even the fairies.'

'Yes, the fairies must have eaten them,' said Elizabeth, 'I can still see

the leaves. But don't let us talk about fairies here—I am not at all tired, let us go and look somewhere else.'

Just in front of them was a little brook, and beyond that the wood again. Reinhardt carried Elizabeth in his arms over the stream, and then on they went till once more they came out from under the shadow of the trees into a green, open space.

'There must be strawberries here,' said Elizabeth, 'there is such a sweet smell.'

They walked along in the sunlight, looking carefully about, but they found no strawberries.

'There are none here after all,' said Reinhardt, 'it is only the herbs which smell so sweet.'

There were hardly anything but wild raspberry bushes all round, and the strong fragrance of the wild herbs, which except for occasional patches of grass, covered the ground, filled the whole air.

'It is very lonely here,' said Elizabeth, at length. 'Where can the others be?'

'Wait a minute,' answered Reinhardt, who up to this moment had never once thought how they were to get back. 'Wait a minute, and let us find out where the wind comes from.' As he spoke he raised his hand up over his head to find out the direction of the wind—but no wind came.

'Keep quiet!' exclaimed Elizabeth; 'I fancied I heard voices—now call as loud as ever you can.'

'Halloa! come here!' shouted Reinhardt, through the hollow of his hand.

'Here! here!' cried a voice in the far wood.

'They answered!' exclaimed Elizabeth, clapping her hands.

'No, it was nothing,' answered Reinhardt; 'only the echo.'

Elizabeth seized his hand.

'I am frightened,' she said.

'There is nothing to be afraid of,' replied the boy, soothing her; 'it's delicious here. Sit down in the shade among those herbs, and let us rest a little while. We shall find the others soon.'

So Elizabeth sat down under a tall, shadowy beech tree, and listened attentively on all sides; and Reinhardt, fixing on the stump of a tree for his throne, sat watching her in silence.

The sun was exactly over their heads: in the hot simmering noontide, flies were hanging poised on whirring wings, blue and gleaming like steel, and the air was filled with the humming and murmuring of countless swarms of insects. Every now and then, through the stillness of noon, they heard the sharp tap of the woodpecker, far away in the depths of the wood, and the sudden cries of other woodland birds.

'Listen!' said Elizabeth; 'I heard a bell.'

'Where?'

'Behind us. Don't you hear it? That means it's twelve o'clock.'

'Then of course the town must be behind us, and if we go straight on in that direction, we must come upon the others,' said Reinhardt, joyfully.

So they rose and began to retrace their steps; they had given up all idea of looking for strawberries, for Elizabeth was quite tired out. At last they heard voices and laughter, and through the trees they caught sight of a white cloth spread on the turf for a table, and on it were strawberries in abundance. The old gentleman, a table-napkin dangling from his button-hole, was carving, and apparently continuing his moral discourse to the girls and boys at the same time.

'There are the stragglers!' they exclaimed, as Reinhardt and Elizabeth made their appearance through the trees.

'Come along,' cried the old gentleman. 'Why, what is this? empty handkerchiefs? Hats inside out! Come, let us see what you have found?'

'Hunger and thirst,' said Reinhardt,

'If those are all you have got,' was the rejoinder, 'you are welcome to keep them. You know the agreement; no dawdlers will get anything to eat here!' and so saying, he drew the heaped-up dishes away from them.

However, he was induced to relent, and they all sat down to luncheon, and a thrush on a neighbouring juniper-tree burst out into song. And so the day went by.

If Reinhardt had found no strawberries in the wood, he had found something else which had grown there too. When he got home he wrote once more in his little old book—and this is what he wrote:—

I.

No thrush the noon will waken
 Here on the woodland steep,
 The drooping leaves forsaken
 By winds that pause and sleep:
 Flower 'mid the flowers she sitteth,
 'Mid thymy fragrance sweet,
 O'erhead the bluefly flitteth
 On burnished wings and fleet.

II.

No bird to other calleth—
 Her eyes are tales untold;
 The happy sunlight falleth,
 And melts her hair to gold:

Afar the cuckoo's laughter
Thrills me from groves unseen—
But all my heart goes after
The star-eyed woodland queen !

So she was no longer only his child—she was the embodiment of everything beautiful and wonderful in the life that was but just dawning for him.

CHAPTER III.

'IN THE PATH THE FAIR CHILD STOOD.'

It was Christmas eve. It was still but afternoon when Reinhardt and a few of his fellow-students gathered round an old oak table, in a cellar not a little frequented by them. The lamps suspended from the walls were lit, for darkness was already beginning to set in in these underground regions ; there were not many guests at present, and the waiters leaned idle and empty-handed against the wall. In one corner sat a man with a violin, and a guitar girl with a delicate, gipsy face. They both held their silent instruments on their knees, and seemed to be looking on the scene before them with dull, vacant eyes.

There was a general popping of champagne corks, and an insolent looking youth, rising in his place, held a glass of wine towards the girl, and cried 'Drink, my pretty gipsy maiden.'

'No—I do not want it,' she answered, without changing her position.

'Then give us a song,' said the young fellow roughly, and threw some money into her lap.

The girl drew her fingers slowly through her dark hair, while the violinist whispered something in her ear ; and then tossing her head proudly, she laid her face down against her guitar, and said :

'I will not sing for that.'

At this Reinhardt sprang from his seat and, glass in hand, went up to her.

'What do you want?' she said, defiantly.

'Your own eyes can tell you,' he answered.

'What have you got to do with my eyes—they are nothing to you.'

Reinhardt gazed down at her, his own eyes shining.

'They are false,' he said.

'She rested her cheek in her open hand, and looked at him searchingly.'

Reinhardt raised his glass to his lips. 'To your beautiful false eyes,' he cried.

'She laughed, and tossed her head, and then taking the glass from his hand, and fixing her dark eyes on his face, she slowly drank the remainder of the wine. A triad lay close at hand, and taking it up she sang the following song in a deep, passionate voice:

'Heute, nur heute
Bin ich so schön;
Morgen, ach morgen
Muss alles vergehn!
Nur diese Stunde
Bist du noch mein;
Sterben, ach sterben
Soll ich allein.'

Whilst the violinist was playing the rapid movement which formed the conclusion of the song, a new comer joined the group. He went up to where Reinhardt was standing, and said:—

'I thought of calling for you, Werner, but you were before me. Did you know that old Father Christmas had left his card with you?'

'Father Christmas!' exclaimed Reinhardt, 'he never calls on me.'

'But, my dear fellow,' answered his friend, 'your whole room reeks of fir-trees and plum cake.'

Reinhardt set down his glass, and took his cap.

'Where are you going?' said the girl.

'I am coming back,' he replied, shortly.

Her brow contracted.

'Stay,' she said, softly, with such a thrill of confidence and tenderness in her voice, that Reinhardt almost shuddered.

'I cannot,' he said again.

The girl pushed him from her with her foot, laughing as she did so.

'Then go,' she exclaimed; 'you are not good for much—none of you are.' And turning away, Reinhardt began slowly ascending the cellar steps.

It was dusk by this time, even out in the street, and as Reinhardt walked along in the fresh wintry air his fevered brow gradually grew cool. Here and there along the streets bright lights shone through the uncurtained windows, and glancing in as he went by he saw Christmas trees all alight, and heard children's merry voices laughing and chattering over their toys. Troops of beggar children wandered from house to house, or went up the steps and tried to get a peep of splendours in which they might not share. Sometimes a door would be opened suddenly, and a harsh voice would drive the whole troop of such little

visitors out once more into the cold dark street. In the entrance halls of some houses Christmas carols were being sung, generally by girls' clear young voices. Reinhardt heard them not; he passed quickly on through street after street till he came to his own lodgings. It was almost dark when he got to the house, and stumbled up stairs, without a light, into his own room. Directly he opened the door he was greeted by a delicious fragrance, which made him think involuntarily of his mother's room at this time of the year. With a trembling hand he lit the candle, and there, on the table, lay a large packet. He opened it, and out fell some of the familiar Christmas cakes, on one of which he saw his own initials in white sugar—and he knew at once that no one but Elizabeth could have done that. There was another little packet still to be opened, and in it he found more substantial proofs of his mother's and Elizabeth's thoughtfulness for him; and finally letters from both of them.

He opened Elizabeth's first; and this is what she wrote:—

'The sugar-letters will tell you who helped to make the cakes; and the same person embroidered the cuffs. We are keeping Christmas here in a very quiet way. Mother puts her spinning-wheel into the corner every night regularly at half-past nine, and it is very dull this winter without you. The linnet that you gave me died last Sunday: I cried a great deal about it, and I am sure that I always took great care of the dear little thing. He always used to sing in the afternoon when the sun shone on his cage—don't you remember how mother used to put a cloth over the cage sometimes, to silence him, when he had quite exhausted himself with singing? The room is now quieter than ever, except when your friend Eric comes to see us. I remember you said once that he was very like his own great-coat. I always think of it when he comes into the room, and can hardly help laughing—but mind you don't tell mother, for she would be so angry. Guess what I gave your mother for a Christmas present—you can't? Well, I gave her myself! Eric drew a chalk sketch of me, for which I had to sit to him three times—a whole hour each time. I did not want to do it, for I could not bear the idea of a stranger learning my face off by heart like that; but mother talked me over, and told me how it would please dear, kind Frau Elener. But, Reinhardt, you have not kept your word—you have not sent me those fairy stories you promised. I have been several times to your mother and complained of you, but she always said that you have got something to do now besides troubling yourself about such childish nonsense. But I won't believe her, because, perhaps, it isn't true.'

After that Reinhardt read his mother's letter, and having now finished with both, folded them up and put them away; and as he did so there came upon him a bitter yearning after that quiet far-distant home of his.

For a long time he walked up and down his room, murmuring first softly to himself, and then a little louder, the following lines :—

Wandering alone within the darksome wood,
Weary and lost he still would onward roam ;
But sudden in the path the fair child stood,
And tenderly and gently led him home.

Then, going to his desk, he took some money and went out into the night.

The town had grown much quieter since he was out before ; the Christmas tapers were all burnt out, and the wandering troops of children had disappeared. The wind swept along the empty streets, and old and young alike were gathered round their fireside, for the second act of the Christmas drama had begun. As Reinhardt approached the cellar he heard the sounds of the violin and the girl's voice still rising from its depths. The door opened, and a dark form glided up the broad, dimly-lighted steps. Reinhardt walked quickly past in the shadow of the houses, and entered a jeweller's shop, where he purchased a little red coral cross. Then once more he turned his steps homewards. Not far from the house in which he lived, he observed a little girl clothed in miserable rags, vainly endeavouring to open a large house door.

‘ Shall I help you ? ’ he said.

The child did not answer, but allowed him to turn the handle for her.

‘ No, ’ said Reinhardt, suddenly, after he had done it ; ‘ it is no good going in, for they will only turn you out again. Come with me instead, and I will give you some Christmas cake. ’ So he closed the door again, and, taking the silent little maiden by the hand, he led her away to his lodgings. He had left the light burning when he went out, and together they climbed the stairs.

‘ Here is some cake for you, ’ he said, putting half of his treasure into her apron, saving only that part which had the sugar-letters on it—
‘ Now run home and give your mother some. ’

The child looked up timidly, unused to such kindness, and hardly knowing what to make of it. Reinhardt opened the door and lighted her down stairs, and away she ran with her cake, like a bird. He then stirred the fire, and, putting his dusty inkstand on the table, sat down and wrote long letters to his mother and Elizabeth—wrote the whole night till the Christmas morning broke. The remains of the Christmas cake lay untouched near him, but he had put on Elizabeth's present and seen how well they looked. He was still sitting writing when the first rays of the winter sun shone through the frozen panes, and, looking up, he saw in the mirror opposite the reflection of his own face—grave, earnest, and pale.

CHAPTER IV.

HOME.

By the time Easter came round Reinhardt was at home once more. The morning after his arrival he went to see Elizabeth.

'How you have grown!' were his first words, as she came to meet him, slim and lovely, and smiling up in his face with the old sweet smile.

She did not answer, but her cheek flushed faintly, and she made a little effort to withdraw the hand which he had taken and kept in his own. His eyes met hers with a new expression in them, half dubious, half reproachful. He had always held her hand before, and she had never tried to draw it away—why should she now?

From that moment each was aware of something cold and strange that had come in between them, and taken the place of the old familiar ways which had made their childhood's friendship so pleasant and so sweet. When they were left alone together there came long and unaccustomed pauses in the conversation, which were very painful to Reinhardt, and which he tried anxiously to prevent. At last he bethought himself of giving Elizabeth botany-lessons, by way of amusement in the vacation. Elizabeth, accustomed to follow his wishes in everything, and being, moreover, of a very teachable disposition, took it up with spirit. The necessary accompaniments of these lessons were long rambles in the fields and woods several times a week, from which they returned laden by dinner-time. Later in the afternoon Reinhardt had, of course, to come in, and help Elizabeth in the division of the spoils.

Round on such an errand he came on one afternoon, and found her standing at the window of the little sitting-room, inserting some fresh groundsel between the bars of a new gilded bird-cage, which he had never seen there before, and which hung in the place where his old cage used to hang. There was a canary in it, fluttering its little wings, and pecking at Elizabeth's finger.

'Why, Elizabeth,' said Reinhardt, gaily, walking up to her, 'has my poor dead linnet been changed into a canary?'

'Dead linnets do not change into canaries,' observed Elizabeth's mother, briefly, from the corner where she sat spinning in her arm-chair. 'Your friend, Eric, sent it over from his farm for Elizabeth this afternoon.'

'From his farm?'

'Yes,' answered the old lady, 'have you not heard that Eric has come in to his father's second farm at Immensee?'

'You never told me anything about it before,' said Reinhardt.

'Because you have never once asked after your friend since you came back,' was the ready reply. 'Eric is a thoroughly sensible, pleasant young fellow.'

So saying Elizabeth's mother rose, and left the room; and Elizabeth herself, turning her back on Reinhardt, went on feeding her bird with groundsel.

'Please wait a little,' she said; 'I shall be ready in a few minutes.'

Reinhardt, contrary to his usual custom, took no notice of her; and she, turning round, observed a certain troubled expression in his eyes which she had never seen there before. The bird was forgotten in a moment.

'What is the matter with you, Reinhardt?' she said, anxiously, leaving the cage and going up to him.

'With me?' he answered, absently, looking down with his great dreamy eyes into the untroubled calm of hers.

'Yes—you look unhappy; something has troubled you.'

'Elizabeth,' he exclaimed at last, 'I hate that bird!'

'I do not understand you this afternoon, Reinhardt. You are not like yourself,' she said, simply, looking up at him in innocent astonishment.

He did not answer, but took both her little hands, which lay so quietly in his own.

The subject was not mentioned between them again, for at that moment Elizabeth's mother came into the room, followed by a maid with the afternoon coffee. Afterwards the old lady sat down to her spinning-wheel, and Elizabeth and Reinhardt went into the next room to arrange their specimens—to number stamens, to look carefully through all their leaves and flowers, and to select two of each kind, and press them between the pages of some heavy book.

It was an intensely still and golden afternoon. There was no sound but the low hum of the spinning-wheel, softened by distance, and the murmur of Reinhardt's voice as he named the class to which each plant belonged, or corrected Elizabeth's pronunciation of the Latin name.

'I discovered the other day that I was still in want of a lily-of-the-valley,' observed she, when the whole collection was sorted and arranged.

'Here is what was once a lily if you care to have it,' said Reinhardt, taking his little white book out of his pocket, and handing her a half-dried flower out of it.

Elizabeth, seeing that the book was a manuscript, asked him whether he had been writing any fairy-stories lately.

'They are not fairy-stories,' he answered, giving it her.

They were mere verses, most of them not filling more than one side of a page. Elizabeth turned leaf after leaf, reading apparently only the titles, which ran mostly in this style:—'When she was scolded by the

schoolmaster'—'When they were lost in the wood'—'Easter fairy-stories'—'Her first letter.'

Reinhardt looked at her with his watchful eyes, as she went on rapidly, turning page after page, and saw how at last the least possible flush of colour rose in her cheeks, and finally spread all over her pure young face. He tried to meet her eyes, but she would not look up; and when she came to the end of the book she laid it down on the table before him, softly and silently.

'Do not give it back to me like that,' he said.

She took a little brown sprig out of the specimen case, and laid it beside the book.

'I have put your favourite plant inside,' she said, and gave the book back into his hands.

Time went on, and Reinhardt's last morning at home came. Elizabeth got leave from her mother to go with him to the office from which the coach was to start, and which was only two or three streets distant from their house.

Reinhardt walked silently along, the slender, girlish form clinging to his arm. The nearer the time came for him to leave her, the more strongly he felt that he had a secret to share with her, on which the whole beauty and loveliness of his future life must depend; and yet one which he found so difficult to put into words, or even to realise fully to himself. Such thoughts troubled him, and his steps grew slower and slower.

'You will be late,' said Elizabeth—'it has struck ten by St. Mary's already.'

But Reinhardt would not hear. At last he began hesitatingly—

'Elizabeth, it will be two whole years before you see me again—will you promise to be as fond of me when I come back as you are now?'

She nodded her bright little head and looked up frankly and kindly into his face with her clear eyes. —

After a few minutes:

'Reinhardt,' she said, 'do you know that I had to defend your character last night?'

'You stood up for me?' he said quietly, 'to whom?'

'My mother. Last night after you were gone we talked about you for a long time—and—and—oh Reinhardt, she thinks you are not as good as you used to be.'

Reinhardt was silent for a moment. Then, taking her hand, he looked earnestly down into her dear, child-eyes, and said,—'I am quite as good now as I used to be; oh Elizabeth, only believe that, and all will be well; will you believe it?'

'Yes,' she said.

He dropped her hand, and they walked on quietly down the last street. The nearer their parting came, the quicker and more elastic grew his steps—so quick that at last she could hardly keep up with him.

‘What has come to you, Reinhardt?’ asked Elizabeth.

‘I have got such a beautiful secret to keep,’ he answered, looking at her with radiant eyes. ‘When I come back again, in two years, I will tell you what it is.’

They reached the coach-office just in time.

‘Good-bye,’ said he, taking her hand once more at parting. ‘Good-bye, Elizabeth—and remember!’

‘Good-bye,’ she said, smiling up at him in answer.

Reinhardt mounted to his place on the top of the coach, and away it rumbled down the street. As it swung round the corner, he turned once more to look back, and caught a last glimpse of a slender, graceful figure walking slowly away—Elizabeth, the child who had become so very dear to him, and from whom he was to be parted for two long weary years.

CHAPTER V.

A LETTER.

It was very nearly two years after that Easter, that Reinhardt was sitting at his table, surrounded by books and papers, waiting for a friend who came every evening to read with him.

There was a step on the stairs, and his landlady entered with a letter, which she deposited on the table and then left the room.

Reinhardt had not written to Elizabeth once since he left home the last time: neither had she written to him. The letter was from his mother, and breaking the seal, he read as follows:—

‘At your age, my child, each year is different to the last, and gains something new, to atone for what is lost in the old: for the young will not allow themselves to grow poorer with each year. Something has happened here which, if I am not mistaken, will surprise you, and cause you not a little pain.

‘Elizabeth has at last promised to marry Eric, after having refused him twice within the last few months. She has not been able to bring herself to do it before, but it is done now. She is so young, too. The wedding will take place very soon, and her mother is to live with them.’

CHAPTER VI.

IMMENSEE.

ONE balmy spring afternoon, several years after Reinhardt received that particular letter from his mother, a young man was walking slowly along a path which led through a cool and shady wood down into a deep valley. His face, tanned by exposure to wind and sun, was an uncommon one—uncommon in its power and earnestness, and in the intense expression of the great grey eyes. He was looking anxiously down the long path that lay before him, stretching on apparently without an end, as if he longed for something to break its wearisome monotony. At last, seeing a carter coming towards him, slowly climbing the steep ascent, he hailed him.

‘Halloa! is this the right way to Immensee?’

‘Yes, sir,’ answered the man; ‘keep straight on.’

‘Have I much further to go?’

‘You are nearly there, sir; you will come to the lake in no time, and the Great House is just beyond.’

The carter went on his way, and a quarter of an hour’s rapid walking brought the young man to a place where on the left-hand side there was a sudden clearing away of trees, and the broad sunlight poured unbroken on the path. He was now walking along on the edge of a pitch so steep and sudden that it was almost a precipice, and in whose depths even the leafy crowns of venerable oak trees, probably hundreds of years old, were hardly visible. Far away over the tree tops stretched a broad expanse of open country, basking in the warm spring sunlight. Down below lay the little lake, blue and still, surrounded on all sides by the fresh green of the woodland, except in one place where there was an opening in the trees, and a view for miles and miles into the far distance, till dim blue hills shut out the infinite space beyond. Exactly opposite the traveller, as he stood up there on the verge of the precipice, there was a scattering like snow among the green trees; and on the high bank of the lake, from out of the midst of this wonderful snowy shower of blossom rose the white, red-tiled house.

As the young man stood looking at the lovely picture before him, a stork rose from one of the chimneys of the house, and circled slowly over the water.

‘Immensee!’

The exclamation seemed to burst involuntarily from the stranger’s lips. He stood motionless up there on the heights, looking away over

the trees towards that further shore, where the reflection of the house lay dancing and shimmering in the water, as if he had at last come to the end of his wanderings, and need go no further ; then, rousing himself, he continued his way.

The descent grew steeper and steeper—so steep at last that the trees once more cast long shadows over the path ; and the view of the lake was hidden. Suddenly, however, the lovely prospect opened again, and the blue lake, seen for so long only through breaks in the thick foliage, became visible once more from end to end. Soon afterwards the path began to ascend very gently, and then on either side the trees disappeared. Instead of the wood there were luxuriant vineyards, stretching away to right and left, bordered with fruit trees all in blossom, and melodious with the murmurings of thousands of bees.

A tall, fine-looking man, in a light brown overcoat, was coming along the park. Catching sight of the advancing stranger he waved his cap over his head, and shouted in a loud, clear voice :—

‘Welcome, welcome, brother ! Welcome to Immensee !’

‘God bless you, Eric,’ returned the other ; ‘a thousand thanks for your kind welcome.’

They were together by this time, shaking hands.

‘Are you really the old Reinhardt ?’ said Eric, looking into the grave face of his former schoolfellow.

‘Really,’ answered the young man ; ‘you too are the same, Eric, only happier and brighter-looking than ever.’

A smile, which made his simple features look almost radiant, flitted across Eric’s face.

‘Yes,’ he said, holding out his hand again. ‘I have won a great prize since last we met—you have heard all about it, of course ?’ Then rubbing his hands together, he exclaimed exultingly, ‘What a surprise it will be to her ? Your arrival is the very last thing she expects !’

‘A surprise ?’ said Reinhardt ; ‘to whom ?’

‘To Elizabeth.’

‘Elizabeth !—then you did not tell her I was coming ?’

‘Not a single word, Reinhardt. Neither she nor her mother knows anything about it. I wrote to you without telling them—you remember how fond I used to be of keeping my little plans quite a secret.’

This announcement made Reinhardt thoughtful, and as they walked on together towards the farm he felt as if he could hardly breathe.

On the left-hand side of the path the vineyards ceased entirely, and in their place lay a broad extent of garden, stretching down almost to the brink of the water, and planted with vegetables and other useful things, among which the stork was now gravely marching.

‘Halloa!’ shouted Eric, clapping his hands to frighten it away, ‘that long-legged Egyptian is after my young peas again.’

The bird rose slowly into the air, and in a few minutes alighted on the roof of a new-looking building, whose walls were covered with peach and apricot trees.

‘That is the spirit-manufactory,’ said Eric. ‘I established it about two years ago, and my late father built the domestic office for me. The dwelling-house was built by my grandfather many years ago.’

As Eric uttered these words, they came suddenly out into an open space, bordered on two sides by scattered, rustic-looking buildings, and on the third by the dwelling-house with its two wings, one of which was continued in the shape of a high garden wall. Beyond that again, a screening hedge of dark yew was just visible, and here and there blossoming branches of *Syringa* drooped over the top of the wall. Men with faces brown and ruddy from hard labour in the hot sun passed every now and then across the grass, talking to each other as they went, or answering occasional questions which Eric put to them about the day’s work.

The two friends went on and entered the house. The entrance-hall was cool and spacious, and crossing it they turned into a passage at the end, somewhat dark and small. Opening a door, Eric led the way into a large and lofty garden-room, with a window exactly opposite the door, whose light was tempered by festoons of creepers, filling that part of the room with dim, soft lights and shadows. But on the side-wall two large glass doors stood wide open, admitting the full splendour of the spring sun, and allowing a sight of a garden, blazing with gorgeous flowers, with a broad straight path down the middle dividing the perfect walls of foliage, and commanding a view of the lake and the surrounding woods. As the friends stepped through the glass-doors, a sudden stream of fragrance came borne on the breeze towards them.

On the raised terrace just in front of them sat a white-robed girlish figure. She rose as the two approached, and came forward to meet them. Suddenly she stopped, rooted to the ground, motionless, her eyes fixed on the stranger. Smiling, he held out his hand to her.

‘Reinhardt!’ she cried, softly; ‘Reinhardt! is it you indeed? Ah, how long, how very long, it is since we saw each other last!’

‘Not so very long,’ he answered, and then could say no more.

The sound of her voice—the sight of her again, fair and lovely, just as she had looked when he had parted from her years ago—became suddenly too much for him; and when she spoke he felt stronger thrills and pangs at his heart, and his own voice died away.

Eric stood at the door, looking at those two together with a beaming face.

'Well, Elizabeth,' he said at last, 'you were not prepared for this, were you? Reinhardt was the very last person you expected?'

'You are so good to me, Eric,' she said gently, looking at her husband with affectionate eyes.

He took her little hand caressingly in his.

'And now we have him,' he went on, 'we will not let him get away so soon. He has been knocking about the world for so long, that it is quite time he was caught and tamed. Just look how different he has become—not the Reinhardt of old days any longer, but a far more magnificent person!'

'Time,' she said, looking up shyly into his face, 'which has kept us apart for so long, has altered him.'

At that moment her mother came to the door, carrying a basket of keys on her arm.

'Herr Werner!' she exclaimed, on seeing him; 'as welcome as unexpected!'

The conversation became now nothing but a mere string of questions and answers. Some refreshments were brought for Reinhardt, after his long walk; the ladies took out their work, and Eric sat by, smoking his meerschaum, and joining in the conversation going on around him.

The following day Reinhardt went round the whole place with him—over the fields, vineyards, and hop-gardens, and into the spirit manufactory. Everything was in beautiful order, and the people working in the fields and at the boilers looked healthy and contented. At noon the whole family assembled in the garden-room, and spent the rest of the day more or less together, according to the time that the master of the house could spare from his business. Reinhardt always sat up stairs, writing in his own room, for the first hour or two after breakfast, and the last before supper. He had been employed for the last few years in collecting all the songs and poems still existing in Germany, and was now busy bringing his treasures into some sort of order, and adding any fresh ones that he had managed to get hold of in the country round.

Elizabeth was always very gentle and kind to him. The humble gratitude with which she received Eric's constant little attentions, made Reinhardt think sometimes of the merry child he used to know, and how little promise there had been, in those days, of the grave, sweet woman who had taken her place.

Very soon after he came to Immensee, Reinhardt took to walking every evening along a path which led him close under the garden wall and along the bank of the lake. On a projecting kind of wall at the end of the walk, there was a garden-seat under the tall birch trees. Elizabeth's mother had christened it 'The Western Seat,' because, as it

faced towards the west, it received the last rays of the setting sun, and the last gleam of light. Reinhardt was walking home along this path one evening, when he was suddenly overtaken by a heavy shower, and was obliged to seek shelter under some lime trees that grew down near the water. These proved but an ineffectual protection from the pelt-ing rain, and wet through already, he gave up all idea of shelter, and started off again towards the house. As he went along in the rain and gathering darkness, and drew near the Western Seat, he thought he saw, between the trunks of the birch trees, a gleaming white form. It stood there motionless, looking towards him, as if awaiting someone; and as he hurried on, thinking to find on a nearer view that it was Elizabeth and wishing to walk up through the garden with her, the white figure slowly turned away, and disappeared into some dark side-walk.

Reinhardt could not understand it, and then was half angry with Elizabeth, and then again doubted whether it was really she. He could not summon up courage to ask her, and would not even go into the garden-room on his return, lest he should see her coming in through the open doors.

CHAPTER VII.

'MEINE MUTTER HAT'S GEWOLT.'

SOME days after this little adventure they were all sitting together, as usual, in the garden-room. Evening was closing in, and through the open door they could see the sun slowly sinking behind the woods on the opposite side of the lake. Reinhardt had been asked to read aloud some *volkslieder*, given to him that afternoon by some people who lived near; he went up to his room to fetch them, and soon came down again with a roll of papers in his hand.

They all drew near the table, Elizabeth next to Reinhardt.

'We must read at random,' he said, 'I have not had time to go through them myself, yet.'

'Some of them are set to music,' observed Elizabeth, as she unrolled the papers; 'you must sing them to us, Reinhardt.'

So he began, and read first a Tyrolean song with a melody in its verses so gay and bewitching, that he could hardly help according his voice to it as he read. The spirit of the rhythm seemed to have infected his hearers also, for as they listened their faces brightened.

'Who wrote those lovely songs?' said Elizabeth, when he had finished.

'Oh, it is easy enough to tell who wrote them by the sound,' said Eric; 'tailors and barbers, and such gay and flighty creatures.'

But Reinhardt answered her question differently.

'No one composed them,' he said; they grew—they fell from the sky—they flew all over the country, like gossamer threads, hither and thither, and were sung in a thousand places at once. We find our being and doing in these songs, as much as if we had helped to write them ourselves.'

He took another sheet, and began again,—

'Upon the mountain's brow I stood—'

'Oh, I know that!' broke in Elizabeth; give me the first note, Reinhardt, and I will sing it with you.'

'So they sung this wonderful melody right through. So wonderful and enchanting is it, that it is almost impossible to believe that it is the work of some man's imagination, and we would rather think, as Reinhardt thought, that it grew—or fell from the sky. The voices went well together—Elizabeth's well-modulated contralto and Reinhardt's tenor—and the effect was singularly harmonious.

While they sang the old lady went on working industriously, and Eric sat by listening.

From the banks of the lake came the tinkling of bells, breaking the evening stillness; and then suddenly a boy's voice caught up the air,—

'Upon the mountain's brow I stood,
And looked into the valley deep—'

Reinhardt smiled as he listened:—

'Do you hear?' he said, 'that is how these songs pass from mouth to mouth.'

'They often sing it in this part of the country,' answered Elizabeth?

They listened till the last sounds of the tinkling bells died away behind the farm buildings, and then:—

'Those are very ancient sounds,' said Reinhardt; 'they lie sleeping underground in the depths of woods, and who first woke them, Heaven only knows.'

It grew gradually darker; but the sunset glow still lingered, and lay over the woods like foam on an evening sea. Reinhardt unrolled another paper; and Elizabeth, putting her hand on the other side to keep it down, looked over his shoulder while he read the following verses:—

I.

My mother bid my old love go,
 She brought a new love unto me,
 She said that him I loved so,
 Mine own for aye, through weal and woe,
 I never more should see.

II.

Mother, with tears I cry to thee!—
 Forget!—oh dove, my heart is true—
 O never more thine own to be,
 What once was pure for aye to flee—
 Ah me, what can I do!

III.

My youth dies down, my heart is sore,
 My joy is changed to sorrow's crown;
 I only long now hope is o'er
 To wander on for evermore
 Among the heather brown.

While Reinhardt was reading these very simple lines, he observed an almost imperceptible trembling of the paper, and when he ceased Elizabeth rose, and went softly and silently out into the garden. Her mother's eyes followed her; Eric wished to go after her, but the old lady prevented him, saying that Elizabeth had something to do that evening in the garden.

The night stole softly on over garden and lake; night-moths darted on whirring wings past the open doors; the sweet fragrance of flowers and scented shrubs came in gradually stronger and stronger, and down by the water the frogs had begun their nightly chant. The moon rose over the tops of the trees. Close under the window a nightingale suddenly burst into song, answered by another far below in the garden. Reinhardt sat looking at the place where Elizabeth had disappeared among the leafy walks; and then, rolling up his paper, he said good night to the others, and went out too, only away towards the lake.

Far out on the water the shadow of the great trees were lying, dark and silent; but out beyond, in the midst of the lake, the newly-risen moon gleamed on the borders of darkness in a silver stream of radiance. Every now and then a faint sound, as of a low wind among the leaves, broke trembling on the silence; yet it was no wind, but only the shuddering breeze of the summer night.

A stone's throw from the land, a great white water-lily lay floating and

shining in the moonlight, and, Reinhardt seeing it, and being seized with a sudden desire to hold it in his hand, threw off his clothes and dropped down into the water. The sharp stones at the bottom of the lake cut his feet, and at first he found it impossible to get out of his depth. Suddenly, however, the ground seemed to fall away from under him; the water closed over his head, and it was some time before he could struggle up to the surface again. Once there, he swam round and round in a circle, and looking about for the place where he had so suddenly dropped, he saw the water-lily again not far from him lying alone between its great smooth leaves. He swam out slowly towards it, every now and then raising one arm up over his head till the water streamed off it in bright glistening drops. Yet, still as he swam, the distance between him and the flower seemed in no wise lessened, and the bank still looked as close to him as before, in the dim uncertain light. He had not, however, the slightest idea of being baffled in his undertaking, and swam on with strong vigorous strokes. At last he got so close to the flower, that he could make out each separate leaf gleaming silver in the light of the moon ; but as he redoubled his efforts, he suddenly found himself entangled in long, slimy weeds, winding round his limbs like the meshes of a net. The strange, unknown waters lay around him, dark and wide ; as he listened, he heard a sudden fish leaping in the silence, and besides that, no other sound. He was seized with a kind of terror ; but there in the cold black waters, and making a powerful effort, he broke his chains, and swam hastily to land. Turning then to look back, he saw the lily lying, as before, lonely on the silent waters.

He dressed, and walked slowly towards the house ; entering by the glass-doors, he found Eric and his mother-in-law still up, making preparations for a short journey that they were going to make together on the morrow.

‘Why, where have you been so late?’ exclaimed the old lady, as he went in.

‘I?’ replied Reinhardt, ‘I have only been to pay a visit to the water-lily ; nothing has come of it though.’

‘No one tries that twice,’ observed Eric ; ‘but what on earth have you to do with the water-lily?’

‘I used to know it very well once,’ said Reinhardt—‘a long time ago.’

CHAPTER VIII.

ELIZABETH.

ON the afternoon of the following day, Reinhardt and Elizabeth were together on the opposite shore, wandering through wood and tangle, or lingering on the high banks which projected in places far out into the lake.

Before Eric left home he commissioned Elizabeth to take Reinhardt about, and show him the prettiest views in the country round, and in particular those which were to be had from the opposite side of the lake. And now Elizabeth was fulfilling that commission, and was leading Reinhardt about from point to point.

She grew tired at last, and sat down under the shade of some leafy branches, and Reinhardt stood opposite, leaning against the trunk of a tree. Far away in the wood the cuckoo was calling—and he stood and listened, watching Elizabeth's face. All of a sudden, he knew not how, old memories surged up into his mind, and he remembered how once before they had been together as now, she sitting under low-growing branches, and the cuckoo calling in the distance.

He looked at her with a sad, strange smile.

'Elizabeth, shall we look for strawberries?' he said.

'The strawberry season has not come yet,' she answered.

'But it will come soon.'

She shook her head, and rising, moved away.

He, walking by her side, could scarcely keep his eyes from her face, from lingering a step or two behind, and watching her as she moved along, as if borne up by her floating garments—a graceful, gliding motion, so unlike the walk of other women.

Going on together like this they came at last to an open bit of moorland, from which there was a view far away over the country. Reinhardt stooped down and gathered a little plant that grew close to the ground. When he lifted his head again his face was full of the bitterest pain and anguish.

'Do you know this flower?' he asked.

She looked up at him with large, wondering eyes.

'It is an erica—I have often gathered them here.'

'I have an old book at home,' he went on; 'once, a long time ago, I used to write songs and poems in it; but that time is over now. Another erica is there, shut up between its pages—a poor faded erica. Do you know who gave it to me?'

She bent her head silently ; but her long lashes drooped, till her eyes rested on the little plant lying in his open hand.

For one long minute they stood together thus, without speaking ; and when she raised her eyes to his he saw that they were filled with tears.

‘Elizabeth,’ he said, ‘somewhere behind those blue hills lies our youth—our lost youth—where is it now?’

Silence fell between them ; and they turned and passed on towards the banks of the lake. The air was sultry, and great black clouds began to rise and spread in the western sky.

‘We shall have a thunderstorm,’ said Elizabeth ; and hastening their steps they went down to the water’s edge, where their little boat was moored.

Reinhardt took the oars, and Elizabeth sat in the stern, resting her hand on the side of the boat. She would not meet his eyes with her own, but was looking far away beyond him into space. Presently his eyes came down to her hand, and rested there—and that pale hand told him what her face had refused to tell. Women’s hands, when they are fair and white, will often betray the most silently endured suffering—as if the anguish of the heart refused to be concealed any longer. When Elizabeth felt his eyes on her hand she let it fall over the side of the boat, and glide along in the water.

On entering the court-yard they saw a knife-grinding machine, to which a dog was harnessed, standing before the house door. A man, with long black hair, was busily turning the wheel, humming the while some gipsy air between his teeth. A ragged girl, with beautiful, mournful eyes, stood on the threshold, and extended her hand to Elizabeth for money when she came up. Reinhardt put his hand into his pocket, but Elizabeth was too quick for him, and hastily emptied the contents of her purse into the girl’s open palm. Then she turned away, and Reinhardt heard her go swiftly up the stairs, weeping as she went. He would have called her back, but he remembered himself in time, and refrained.

The girl was still standing on the threshold, immovable, with the money in her hand.

‘What more do you want?’ said Reinhardt.

‘Nothing,’ she replied, shrinking back ; and then she turned and went slowly towards the gate, looking back at him as she did so—wild-eyed, and sad. He called her by some name, but she did not hear him ; with drooping head, and arms folded on her breast, she went away across the court.

‘Sterben, ach sterben
Soll ich allein!’

An old song was ringing in his ears—his heart stood still—then turning away he went up to his own room.

He sat down to work, but he had neither heart nor thoughts for it, so after trying for an hour to fix his attention on his books, he gave it up and went down stairs again into the sitting-room. No one was there, the soft twilight filled the room. A scarlet ribbon worn by Elizabeth that afternoon lay on the work-table. He took it in his hand, but it seemed to hurt him, for he put it suddenly down again, and wandering restlessly out of the house, went down to the lake and unfastened the boat. He rowed himself across to the other side, and went once more along the path where he and Elizabeth had walked that very afternoon.

When he came back to the house again it was quite dark; and in the yard he met the coachman taking the carriage horses to the meadow, for the travellers had returned. Hearing Eric walking about in the garden-room, Reinhardt avoided that entrance, and after waiting a moment stole softly in by another door up to his own room. He drew his arm-chair to the window, and told himself that he was going to listen to the nightingale—but the beating of his own heart was the only sound he heard.

Down below everything gradually grew quiet, and the night crept on—but he did not know it. He sat there for hours, only changing his position once to lie down in the window-seat. The night dews thrilled softly through the leaves, but the nightingale was silent. Gradually the profound blue of the eastern sky broke into trembling rifts of amber—a light wind rose and breathed over the earth—a lark darted heavenwards, and burst into exultant song.

Reinhardt rose suddenly, and going to the table wrote something on a sheet of note-paper. When he had finished, he took his hat and stick, and leaving the paper on the table, cautiously opened the door and stole down stairs. Dim twilight still reigned in the house; and the great house cat, rising from the mat where she was lying, rubbed herself against the hand which he mechanically held out to her. But out in the garden the sparrows were chattering and crying that the long, dark night was over at last.

Then overhead he heard a door open, and someone came down the stairs; looking up he saw Elizabeth standing before him, she laid her hand on his arm; her lips moved, but no words came from them. At last—

‘You will never come back again,’ she said; ‘do not try to deceive me—I know that you will never come back.’

‘Never!’ he answered.

She did not attempt to speak again; and her hand dropped from his arm.

He had left her, and was passing o'er the threshold—and then, once more, he turned to look at her. She was standing quite still and quiet, in the place where he had parted from her, looking after him with eyes out of which all life had fled. He made one step towards her, and with sudden resistless passion stretched out his arms—then he turned away, and passed out through the open door.

Outside, the beautiful world lay bathed in the fresh light of morning, and dewdrops, imprisoned in giant cobwebs, sparkled and shone in the first rays of the summer sun. He went quickly on and did not turn again, and further and further behind him receded the silent place that he was leaving, and before him stretched the great, wide world.

CONCLUSION.

THE moonlight streamed no longer into the room, but the old man sat on still, in his arm-chair, gazing into the darkness, gradually, to his eye the black shadows grew and spread till they became one wide, dusky lake. One broad ripple rose behind another, till far in the distance, where the shadows were the darkest, one white water-lily lay floating between its great broad leaves.

The door opened and a bright light poured into the room.

'I am glad you are come,' said the old man ; 'put the lamp down on the table, Brigitte.'

Then he drew his chair up to the light, and taking up one of the many books that were lying near, was soon deep in those studies on which he had expended the fullness of his youth and strength.

ELEGIACS.

LIGHT on the western hills!—the crimson glory of sunset
 Flinging a mantle of fire over the earth and air.—
 Red as the blood of the brave that flows in the terrible onset
 Leading to victory's crown, or to defeat and despair!
 Light on your golden tresses, flashing and gleaming and burning;
 Light in your azure eyes, shining in sorrow's despite;
 Light on the woods and the waves, and light on the river mist, turning
 It's chill into warmth,—all round, ever and everywhere light!
 Ah! but within our hearts (yours and mine), my darling, my own love!—
 Parting to meet on earth never, it may be, again—
 Not one gleam of the glory that shines around us is known, love!
 All is dark as the grave, shadowed and wasted with pain.
 One last kiss! . . . Now take this rose I have plucked for your
 bosom
 Fraught with a fragrance as sweet, love! as your love is for me;
 Not a pale, fragile bud, but a full-blown, crimson-dyed blossom
 Glowing and bright as my heart's wild adoration may be!
 So if I come not when years shall have fled till your cheek shall be
 faded,
 Not till your eyes shall be dim with tears that have fallen in vain,
 Not till the gold locks be gray, and the little feet weary and jaded,
 Treading a desolate path darkened with tempest and rain;
 When you shall take forth the rose, and look at it scentless and
 withered,
 Murmuring words like these: 'Rose, let the world say its say,
 We know him not false, but dead; and *I* know when our Father has
 gathered
 His harvest in, we shall meet in the light of a changeless day.

F. FERGUSON.

YESUVIUS.

BY THE REV. H. H. WOOD, F.G.S.

WE may venture to assert, without much fear of contradiction, that of all the phenomena of nature which we admire and wonder at, there is none which we so easily and thankfully dispense with from our island, and for which we have so little desire of a personal acquaintance as a volcano and its accompaniments. The slight tremors which now and then pass through our country, if they bring with them no disasters, are yet sufficient to cause uneasiness, if not alarm, and we realise at such times, more vividly, the meaning of such appalling telegrams as came to us some three years ago from Peru, and Ecuador. It may be possible to attain by practice to playing at earthquakes, as Mr. Wallace assures us was pretty nearly his own case in Celebes, but we had much rather not try the experiment. Vesuvius is quite enough of a neighbour, sufficiently near for our comfort, and yet within easy reach of a determined student, and the late exhibition of its powers has revived our interest in its history. We have just been told by our 'own correspondent,' that 30,000 people have been flying from their homes in its neighbourhood : that at Naples the terrible sounds of the explosions could be faintly imagined from the continuous roar of angry lions close at hand ; and that lava fifteen to twenty feet thick is now lying, where but a few hours before the land was as the Garden of Eden for richness and beauty ; and as we read we are conscious of a deeper gratitude that we are spared such horrors at home.

At the same time there is a good deal of curiosity about this fiery monster, and we should like to know something of its nature and history. In that case we cannot do better than turn to a work, which is perhaps, the most valuable account of any particular volcano, as it certainly is of the mountain in question—the Vesuvius of Professor Phillips, the worthy successor of Buckland in the chair of Geology at Oxford.

In 1868, Professor Phillips, who had previously devoted much time to the study of volcanic action in general, had an opportunity of visiting Vesuvius, then, fortunately for him in full operation. He had three objects in view in this visit : to collect an authentic history of the

mountain; to classify the phenomena which had been obscured in connexion with it, and 'to present such thoughts and interpretations, as appeared justly founded on those observations, and in harmony with the working powers of nature.

If the old myth of the battle between Jupiter and the giants were based, as Sir William Hamilton suggests, on the stone-throwing powers of Monte Somma, all fears from such source had sunk to rest centuries before the commencement of the Christian era. Falernian and Massic vineyards, the olive gardens of Venafrum, luxuriant cornfields and green pastures on every side, suggested no thought of the Fire Giant of other days; and the first mutterings, no slight ones either, fell on the ears of men utterly unprepared for the coming storm. Many a house in Pompeii shews signs of injury more or less carefully repaired. The Temple of Isis which had been so shattered as to require rebuilding, was restored through the private munificence of N. Popidius, an act of piety which obtained him a seat in the Pompeian Senate. At last, in A.D. 79, the ruin came, and Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiae were so completely obliterated that their very positions were for ages entirely forgotten. It is not by any means certain that there was a flow of lava on that occasion. Pompeii was buried under a thick covering of pumice stones and ashes, a fate which nearly overtook Ottaviano in 1779 when in less than half-an-hour ashes were accumulated in some places to the depth of four feet. Some of the streets of Naples itself during the last eruption were covered nearly a foot deep with [a fine grey powder, soft as meal to the touch. It must have been to a substance of this kind that we are indebted for those marvellous 'plaster-casts' found at Pompeii, and still preserved there, from which Signor Fiorelli recovered the texture and fashion of the dress of one of the victims, portion of the beautiful form of another as perfect as if it had been taken from some exquisite work of Greek art, and even part of the moustache of the soldier, who finding escape impossible, laid himself calmly down to die. In Herculaneum, the destroying agent was fine dust, soon reduced to the consistency of mud by the heavy rains which so often accompany eruptions. Had the material been in the shape of mud when it first issued from the mountain, its course must have been arrested long before it reached any such distance as Herculaneum. One distinguished person at least, lost his life on that occasion, Pliny the naturalist. The younger Pliny, though clearly no student of physical science, has left us two interesting letters, giving an account of his uncle's death. Both of these will be found in 'Vesuvius.'

The eruption seems to have completely altered the shape of the mountain. The only remains of it now existing being Monte Somma on the north, and the ridge on the south and west called Pedimentina.

It is within this circuit that the modern Vesuvius has been formed. In Plate ii. Professor Phillips gives us restorations of the mountain as it probably appeared at various dates; whilst Plate iii. contains sections at different epochs, to show its structure. These and similar sections, as of Etna for instance, and, still more so, the Peak of Teneriffe, remind us of a speculation with which Mr. Page treats his 'general readers.' He assures them that mountains and mountain chains were produced chiefly by the accumulation of coupled materials. Every shower of ashes and stream of lava adding to the bulk of the isolated cone, and every new one adding another link to the mountain chain. So far, perhaps, this is only a slightly exaggerated account of what has happened in truly volcanic hills, and especially in such countries as Java. Vesuvius, however, is a somewhat awkward instance, as it is now some 3000 feet *lower*, owing to its fiery outbursts, than it was 2000 years ago; and volcanic hills have an evil habit occasionally of blowing themselves into fragments, the Javanese Papandayang for instance. But Mr. Page is not content with this. He goes on to say that secondary hills, though originally consisting of the same ejections as those found in modern volcanoes, have been 'converted' into greenstones, &c., whilst in the older mountains the conversion has been still more complete. How, on this theory, there could be such things, as not secondary merely, but tertiary granites, or palæozoic lavas, such as the Derbyshire toadstone, seems somewhat difficult to imagine. Thence, on Mr. Page's theory, came the 78,000 feet of superincumbent rocks under which Mr. Sorby, who never speaks hastily, or without careful experiments, the variety and ingenuity of which make one perfectly aghast, assures us the centre of the main mass of Aberdeen granite was consolidated? There again is Mr. Sorby wrong when he tells us that the cavities found in the crystals of granite show that it was *not* a simple igneous rock, or erupted lava, but that it was formed under a combined influence of superheated water and igneous fusion under great pressure! Chemical action and length of time can no doubt do wonders; but that is no reason why they should be credited with an unlimited power of working miracles. But a full grown paradox is at least startling, and may be amusing. One cannot help smiling, for instance, at the way in which modern believers in glaciers have stolen the cataclysmal language of the older fire-worshippers, whom they despise and gravely tell us how they 'scooped out valleys, formed like beds, deposited vast chains of hills, altered, in fact, the entire face of the earth over vast areas,' putting to utter shame their puny and significant descendants in these days of men.

Professor Phillips has given us a list of all the known eruptions of Vesuvius, the list being longer than it otherwise might have been, for a curious reason, the preservation of the veil of St. Agatha in Sicily, and

the relics of St. Januarius at Naples. The record of the triumphant interference of these Saints, and the consequent extinguishing of the eruptions, being very carefully kept. The really philosophical observations of Vesuvius commence in 1764, the year in which Sir W. Hamilton began his labours, the results of which we have in his splendid and valuable work, the 'Campi Phlegrai.'

For many years after the famous eruption of '79, Vesuvius was comparatively at rest. Indeed, it was not till 1631, that any very considerable disturbance took place. In that year, however, enormous streams of lava were poured out, reaching nearly, if not quite, the extreme distance that lava flows have ever reached at Vesuvius—some five or six miles. Destructive as these Vesuvian streams are where they pass, how insignificant after all are they compared with those of Mauno Loa, or Skaptar Jokul. One series of eruptions alone of this Icelandic monster poured out lava enough to cover an extent of not less than 1200 square miles.

Lava, as it issues from the mountain, has much of the consistency of the slag of our iron and copper furnaces, and consequently is far from rapid in its course, although in the eruption of 1766, Sir W. Hamilton tells us, that for the first mile it ran 'with a rapidity equal to that of the river Severn, at the passage near Bristol.' In 1779, Sir William ventured upon what reads like a most foolhardy proceeding, crossing the lava whilst still flowing, a similar feat being accomplished by Dr. E. Clarke, in 1793. It soon, however, gets consolidated. The day after a new eruption, Professor Phillips tells us, it is only 'requisite to keep in motion, if one has any regard for English shoes; but there is no other inconvenience.'

The flames, which are probably supposed to accompany eruptions, are, no doubt, for the most part, only the glare from the incandescent masses of molten lava in the crater; but both our own Davey and Professor Pilla, of Pisa, have observed actual flame accompanying explosions. 'The flame,' Pilla says, 'rose to the height of four or five yards, and then disappeared among the volumes of smoke, so that a person, whose eye was on a level with the edge of the gulf, could not have seen it. Still, the 'fountain of fire' that sometimes rises high into the air, is a magnificent spectacle. The light from it in 1799, when it ascended to three times the height of the mountain, was so brilliant, that an Englishman was able to read the title page of a book by it at Sorrento, twelve miles off.

The height to which stones are thrown by Vesuvius, does not seem of late years, to have exceeded 2000 feet, but in the eruption of '79, the explosive power must have been on a terrific scale, for stones, eight pounds weight have been found as far away as Pompeii. Had they been thrown

up vertically in the air, instead of the comparatively low angle at which they were actually discharged, they must have reached a height of 14,560 feet.

Some curious objects were noticed in the eruption of 1779. These were long filaments of vitrified matter, like spun-glass. A similar phenomenon was observed in an eruption in the Isle of Bourbon in 1766. In this case the flexible glossy threads, two or three feet long, dotted with small glassy globules, covered a tract of ground six leagues from the volcano. These objects we also found in the Harsaiian volcano of Kilanca, where they are believed to be the hair of the terrible goddess Pele, whose bath is the burning crater, and whose wrath was defied in 1825 by that brave Christian woman, Kapislani.

One very curious conclusion arrived at by Professor Palmieri with respect to Vesuvius, is that its periods of eruption are dependent in some degree upon the moon. He affirms that the issues of lava 'have a daily period of two maxima and two minima, and the eruption-cone throws out twice a day its dusty columns with more than average force; these accessions of violence corresponding with the times of maximum. The hours of maximum and minimum were observed to be later from day to day—circumstances in which a likeness to tidal phenomena can be traced. Moreover it appeared that the eruptions were sensibly strengthened at the syzgies and weakened at the quadratures of the moon.' ('Vesuvius,' p. 112.)

Professor Phillips gives us a description of an eruption which he witnessed himself:—

'One more look at the evening lights of Vesuvius. The 27th of March (1868)—the grandest of all the exhibitions. What a spectacle! One long burning stream down the whole north-western slope of the great cone, quite reaching into and spreading across the Atrio del Cavallo. On the top, fitful bursts of fiery bombs and wide-spread ashes; below, just where it appeared last night, but now far brighter and glowing with a full steady eye of light, the second great burst of light and motion. Now it spreads a bright cloud above; then down to the valley knots and lines, seven times double, of sharp white or reddish fire, swelling into considerable masses, and broken into many gleaming points. Towards the base, a wide cataract of fire is pouring towards us, and is stretching its red fingers over the older lava. Now and then a star-like point in advance seems to beckon onwards—

"Der freien tochter der natur."

Finally, in the deepest part of the visible horizon, a horizontal row of fourteen small bright star or gem-like fires marks the conquest of the current over the flat space of the Atrio, and seems to unite again the

long-separated masses of Somma and Vesuvius—parent and child—the far-descended progeny of the struggling Titan.’ (pp. 125—6.)

The drawing at p. 127 of Vesuvius by night, makes one jealous of the Professor’s good fortune in seeing a spectacle so grand and beautiful as is there represented.

It is however to those parts of his work in which Professor Phillips gives us the result of his investigations in volcanoes and volcanic action in general that the reader will turn with most readiness and satisfaction, and there he will find the principal theories that have been brought forward on the subject carefully reviewed and commented on.

The Rev. John Mitchell, Fellow of Queen’s College, Cambridge, in the last century, proposed an ingenious explanation of earthquake movements which has been warmly taken up by two distinguished men of our own time, Professor W. B. Rogers, of Virginia, and his brother, H. D. Rogers, Professor of Geology at Glasgow. He held that the fluid interior of the earth being by some cause or other set in motion, produces on the rocky crust above wave-like undulations, ‘a piece of carpet held up at one end the other resting on the ground and shaken, will show the effect very well.’ These waves, instead of passing away as they do on water, become stereotyped through the more solid material affected, and produce, when on a large scale, those anticlinal and synclinal axes which are exhibited in so striking a manner in so many of the mountain systems of the globe. It must, however, be a matter of no little question how far the comparatively intractable crust of the globe could be thrown into such sharp and defined undulations by the cause suggested. And as far as it is put forward as an explanation of the occurrence of earthquakes, Professor Phillips points out very forcibly (pp. 255-6.), the reasons why we should rather hold that the waves in a subterranean liquid, taking its existence for granted, are the effects rather than the cause of earthquake movements.

Next must be mentioned the chemical theory of volcanoes, an hypothesis originally propounded by Davy, and advocated with great ability by the late amiable and learned Professor of Botany at Oxford, Dr. Daubeny. According to this theory, there is no need to suppose any heated centre of the globe at all; but the metals of the alkalies and earths existing in large quantities in the interior of the earth through the action of water and air, produce violent combustion, giving rise to volcanic phenomena and the production of lava. Professor Phillips’ review of this theory had better be given in his own words:—

‘Two great objections arise against the views of Dr. Daubeny. If water be decomposed and its oxygen fixed in combination with lava, what has become of the released hydrogen? No doubt a small quantity appears combined with sulphur; some is fixed in sal-ammoniac; and some

is thought to be free. But there ought to be not small quantities, but very many millions of cubic feet of unmistakable free hydrogen in an immense blaze above the mountain.

Again, if water be decomposed to make the lava and maintain the heat, how do we supply such vast volumes of uprushing steam and infer the presence of more in underground cavities, to balance the weight of the columns of lava? No doubt it may be said that water enters the volcano in very large quantity and that it is only partly decomposed; but such an admission only shows that a very limited chemical action is really required, the main governing force being dependent on the heated interior of the globe.' (p. 320.) Davy, however, virtually abandoned his hypothesis and acknowledged that the theory of the nucleus of the globe being composed of matter liquefied by heat, offers a much more simple solution of the phenomenon of volcanic fires.

In any theory of volcanism there are several phenomena which have to be considered. Before enumerating them, there is one interesting point which the Professor has alluded to—the geological date of volcanoes:—

'As it is not found by searching the mesozoic and earlier strata of the Apennines, that any truly volcanic rocks appear among them; so it is rarely that any plutonic rocks among them indicate local igneous excitement *during the formation* of any of them. All the volcanoes of south Italy are of later, *i.e.*, of cœnozoic date. In North Italy the same result is found; the volcanic action of the Euganean and the Vicentine hills—extensive and varied—was all of later date than any of the mesozoic rocks of the Alps. This late date of volcanic action is very frequently observed in other parts of Europe; it is found again in other parts of the world, and may fairly be called general in the popular sense of comprehending a large portion of the known cases or examples.

'That it is not indeed a universal occurrence, the three toadstones of Derbyshire, interpolated in the mountain limestone, and traversed by mineral veins, the basaltic cap rocks of the Clee Hills, and the flow of greenstone between the coal strata near Charnwood Forest, plainly prove, for these rocks are of volcanic nature, though perhaps not all connected with sub-aërial or even sub-aqueous eruptions.'

Professor Phillips reminds us that one thing must not be forgotten on the subject of volcanoes, namely their geographical position: first, that it is not in high mountain chains, however great the disturbances in them, that volcanic action is specially seated; and secondly, that it is in the sea or near the coast, now, and that it was near the sea or great inland waters, in early times, that volcanoes burst forth.

In connection with this an interesting observation has been made with

regard to Vesuvius, that previous to an eruption there is always a considerable diminution of water in the wells of the neighbourhood, some of them drying up altogether. The water withdrawn from its usual channels, perhaps by the reopening of old fissures, more probably by the opening of new ones, gains access to some deep-seated nucleus of heat; thereby steam is generated, and a shock more or less extensive is produced.

But the quantity thus observed must after all be very trifling in comparison with the amount of water that must have access to the hidden fire. The Professor tells us that the cloud that rises over Vesuvius at an eruption, leaving out such extreme cases as that of 1779, may be fairly estimated at one mile in diameter to one mile high.

‘In such a cloud, supposing it to have been condensed to saturation at 40° Fahrenheit, we may estimate the water at 20,000 cubic yards—about the quantity contained in a pond of two acres, two yards deep. Such a cloud continually raised from below, and continually dissipated by re-evaporation above, would, in the course of a few hours or days, empty a few such fish-ponds; how many it is not easy to calculate, on any satisfactory hypothesis of the conditions. It is enough to see that a large quantity of water rises in vapour during an eruption, and that such uncommon pluvial descents may follow, as we know to have happened. From such a cloud rain might fall to cover a square mile one quarter of an inch deep.’ (p. 145.)

Again the perpetual cloud that sometimes overhangs Vesuvius for more than half a year before an eruption, is pretty good proof of an enormous quantity of water being boiled off in the hot pipes of the mountain. Boiling water fell this year at Massa.

May we not then believe, as the Professor suggests, that the movements of the sea, observed at eruptions, may be caused by the opening of fissures, through which water is suddenly withdrawn. The ascertained movement in either direction is for a few paces only. This view is very much strengthened if we accept a statement contained in a letter of Sir W. Hamilton:

‘Braccini, in his account of the eruption of A.D. 1631, says that he found many sorts of sea shells on Vesuvius after that eruption; and P. Ignatio, in his account of the same eruption, says that he and his companions picked up many shells at that time upon the mountain. This circumstance would induce us to believe that the water thrown out of Vesuvius during that formidable eruption came from the sea.’ (p. 48.)

In this way, too, the presence, at times, of chloride of sodium, and other chlorides, among the ordinary products of sublimation is easily accounted for. In the case of the South American volcanoes, the supply is supposed to come from subterranean lakes, as Humboldt tells us that large quantities of fish are often thrown out during eruptions.

With respect to the great earthquake of 1857, Mr. Mallet, our great authority on sismology, was able, by means of some very ingenious observations, to determine that the focus of energy was at a considerable distance from Vesuvius, to the south-east, not in a volcanic region, but under the Apennine limestone, seventy-five miles away. He found, also, that the extreme depth of earthquake origin in the region of Naples was little more than eight miles.

Lava, however, as it issues from the mountain, has a temperature of 2000° . But the temperature at a depth of eight miles, if derived from the general heat of the globe, augmenting with the depth, would only be 883.6 Fahrenheit, quite inadequate to keep lava in a state of fusion. A temperature of 2000° would only be reached at from twenty to twenty-two miles of depth. The source of the lava current is therefore far below the focus of earthquake activity, pressure by steam being the means by which it is raised to the surface. There is no difficulty in accounting for the amount of the necessary force. 'In all known cases, the steam pressure required may be had at a less depth than that required for rock fusion by earth-heat.'

But there are certain calculations of a very eminent physicist, the late Mr. Hopkins, which must now be considered. In trying to explain the phenomenon known as the precession of the equinoxes, with its accompanying inequality known as the mutation, he arrived at the conclusion that the least depth to which the crust of the earth is solid is 600 or 800 miles. Mr. Hopkins, however, himself allowed that this need not interfere with the existence of separate liquid basins (as under separate volcanoes), provided they be so confined within solids as to compel them to yield as a mass in sympathy with the solid crust. 'Such a state of things,' Professor Phillips remarks, 'is in no degree unlikely, and it leaves the geologist quite free to adopt any suitable depth for lava, without fear of the mathematician.'

Mr. Hopkins' calculations, however, as the Professor points out, were made on the assumption that the melted interior of the earth was a free, flowing liquid. But such a slow, reluctant fluid as lava is very far from being a liquid of this kind. 'The problem settled by Mr. Hopkins, looked at in this light, does really not settle anything as to the thickness of the crust of the earth, and to this conclusion it is understood M. Delaunay has been lately conducted, both by strict reasoning and experiment.'

Professor Phillips's views on the subject in question will have been pretty well gathered from the preceding observations. 'An interior fluid,' he says, 'composed of silicated earths, alkalies, and metals, accessible to water, and capable of being opened to the air or ocean, is the fundamental condition of volcanic excitement. That this fluid is due to

the internal heat of the globe may be regarded as a settled point.' And he repeats his former convictions, which certainly appear to be the most easy of acceptance of all such theories 'as work in harmony with the general history of cosmos,' that the earth was at one time in a condition of fluidity, and that the surface has been cooled 2000° , whilst, at five miles in depth, 1500° have been lost, 1000° at ten miles, at twenty miles 0° .

If it be true that the globe is continually, though only slowly, losing heat, and Professor J. D. Forbes holds it as certain that the heat which passes from the earth each year at present, would melt a sheet of ice a quarter of an inch in thickness, the existence of a high degree of heat in former periods becomes a matter of necessity. We have only to ask for some of those indefinitely extended periods which Mr. Darwin and other uniformitarians assume so confidently for their speculations, to arrive at any degree of heat that could possibly be required. The present very slow rate of cooling too, it must be remembered, would be no standard of its rate at a highly increased temperature. A bar of iron, which required two days for cooling, would part with a much larger amount of heat on the first day than on the second; and though the atmosphere might be then much more highly charged with vapour or other substances, and thus cooling be retarded, it can hardly be held to be probable that it would quite counterbalance the other agencies at work. And here another interesting observation comes to the aid of those who like ourselves, accept Professor Phillips's teaching. The contraction of the earth from refrigeration would necessarily affect the length of the day upon the earth. If, therefore, it can be shown that the length of the day has been, and is still, undergoing a change, we may argue conversely that there has been an alteration in the dimension of the earth's diameter. Now, the researches of Professor Adams, M. Delaunay, and others, have ascertained that the day is increasing at the rate, probably, of from three to six seconds in a million years. The increase is, indeed, a very small one, but it is an increase, and its establishment has already had the effect of reducing some of those extravagant demands on time which Mr. Darwin made in the earlier editions of his famous work, 'The Origin of Species.'

The refrigeration of the globe must have produced enormous changes in its crust, especially when it was much thinner than it is at present; and though it cannot be denied that very extensive movements have taken place in the more recent geological periods, the incontrovertible fact still remains, that it is the oldest rocks that have undergone, as according to this theory they would undergo, the greatest amount of change and disturbance.

The doctrine of refrigeration would seem to offer the best explanation

of the gradual rising of land that is taking place in various parts of the world, notably so in Scandinavia. 'In an early stage of my geological studies,' says the Professor, 'I was much impressed by a fact which is extremely frequent, viz., the anteriority of granite to greenstone, and of felspathic or highly silicated rocks in general to hornblendic or basic silicates. Felspathic silicates are, in general, less fusible than the hornblendic rocks, and there can be little doubt that they crystallised out of the mass of cooling liquid, and separated from the more fusible portions.

'Moreover these felspathic silicates are lighter specifically than the hornblendic rocks in the proportion of 2.6 to 3.2, and on this hangs an important inference. Being relatively lighter they would, when solid, rise in the liquid, and exert a positive pressure upwards on the superincumbent earth crust, and tend to elevate the region. At this time it is affirmed by Lyell that the northern part of Scandinavia is rising at the rate of thirty inches in a century. The formation of less than fourteen feet of granite in one hundred years by crystallisation under this region would be enough to account for the elevation which is observed.' (pp. 335-6.)

One of the principal objections urged against the view taken by Professor Phillips on the origin of lava and volcanic phenomena in general, is the presence of nitrogen, which occurs at Vesuvius in the form of sal-ammoniac, as well as in the free gaseous form, and the presence of which is easily accounted for by the chemical theory as arising from atmospheric air deprived of its oxygen by the same process of combustion which decomposes the water. But this objection is met by the argument urged in p. 317, *et seq.*:

'Steam, passed over a mixture of common salt, with silica or alumina, at a high temperature, is decomposed, its hydrogen going to the chlorine, its oxygen to the alkaline basis. Here then we have chlorine, hydrogen, and nitrogen, in presence at high temperature under great pressure. May not NH_4Cl = sal-ammoniac, result? Again, why may not nitrogen and hydrogen, alone or combined with other elements, and sulphurous acid and carbonic acid, be evolved from the organic products which abound in so many of the strata traversed by volcanoes? All hot springs were found by Daubeny to yield nitrogen, and this is explicable by the absorption of oxygen during the "eremacausis" of animal and vegetable matters, which are bathed by water and air in its passage through rocks, whether in a volcanic region or not, which share in the warmth of the earth.' (p. 318.)

The general conclusions to which the Professor is led, are thus stated:—

'To me it appears clear that in the general fact of a cooling globe, two great systems of movement in the earth's crust are to be surely inferred; one downward, by reason of the determining of a general con-

traction to particular axes and centres ; the other, upward, arising from the crystallisation of rocks whose specific gravity is less than that of the whole mass. Whether those rocks entangle themselves below so as to constitute practically a solid basis, or float in a magma of slow fluidity is of no material consequence to the general theory of the earth, or to the particular theory of volcanos. The conformity and the diversity of these latter can be well enough explained either way : conformity of general phenomena for causes of like origin : diversity of particular effects from the varying depths and communication of the channels, and the different qualities of the solid rocks which are rent by earthquakes, absorbed by heat, and ejected by steam.

'Here then we pause : but without a conviction that geology is acquiring even with reference to the variable might of subterranean fires a sure ground of conviction that it is a part of the system of slow and measured change which has been traced in operation through the members of the solar system and the starry spheres beyond, to the greater and more distant masses of shining vapour, which, though they stand to us as the *'flammantia mœnia mundi'* may even now be silently gathering into new suns, and planets, and satellites, or forming elliptic rings of asteroids ; such as were to be seen on this morning of the 14th of November, 1868, by the author at Oxford.' (pp. 336-7.)

MEMORY

AN UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENT OUT OF DANTE'S
'INFERNO.'

THEN was I led into another sphere,
 Wherein each soul's remorseless memory
 Fiercely tormented it by every thought,
 Both good and ill, which had assailed it here.
 Good thoughts they had, as useless things thrown by,
 And evil ones which had much mischief wrought;
 Sent venom'd darts into each fresh made sore;
 And if to pluck them out they vainly sought,
 It only made the immortal anguish more!
 So were they ever suffering the Past,
 With not a glimmering of Hope before;
 But knowing that their torments would outlast
 Their Present in its dread Eternal pain—
 A Present as Eternal as the Past,
 Which ever in the Present lives again!
 Even the memories of the few good things
 Which hovered round them, fann'd their brows in vain,
 And but increased the anguish of the stings,
 Of evil thought, which pierced them constantly.
 One soul I troubled with my questionings,
 Mid groans and writhings made me this reply:
 'In us thou seest the great sinfulness
 Of mortals heaping wrongs on Memory,
 Thinking their heavy weight can be made less
 By balancing some evil with much good.'
 Then knew I wherefore did the ancients bless
 The waters of that Lethe, whose dark flood
 The memory of all things past erased
 From out the present. And I understood
 How spirits into bliss eternal raised,
 No recollection of the Earth can bring
 To claim a thought from Heaven. However praised
 Their vanished lives have been for everything
 The world calls good; for there will ever be
 Some shade—though light, as of a swallow's wing—
 Which, flitting over, darkens Memory.

C. H. WARING.

LITERARY HACKS.

IF we attempt to judge of public sympathies, conceptions, and habits of mind by arguments deduced from the secondary meanings which in time become attached to certain words, and are thence reflected upon the ideas which those words commonly express, we shall, in all probability, form very contradictory estimates of the general character and tendencies of our fellow-men. The present Archbishop of Dublin, in his well-known studies in English philology, has, with admirable ingenuity and precision, pointed out for us many of the conclusions to be arrived at by these devious roads; and these results are set forth in a chapter whose title, 'On the Morality of Words,' reminds one of the oft-quoted treatise on snakes in Ireland. For that degeneration of words which seems on the whole to be the rule, appears in most cases to be accompanied or to originate with the degeneration of the poor mortals who use them; and it is, no doubt justly, regarded as a bad sign for us that we can no longer compliment an amiable young friend by calling him 'an officious knave;' unless indeed our praise is like that of the courtier in Mr. Gilbert's charming 'Palace of Truth.'

But in the word and the entity standing at the head of this paper, we certainly seem to have discovered an illustrative argument which tells against this pessimist theory. In the present acceptation of the term 'hack,' in all of its several combinations we find, or we seem to find, a permanent protest on the part of the public against talents and capabilities whose sole *objet d'être* it is to be let out for short periods of service, and at a comparatively low rate of remuneration. A hackney was, of course, originally nothing more nor less than a horse intended to be hired, and the expression was applied to the animal without prejudice to his appearance or his powers. In fact, amongst these latter he had to reckon a valuable accomplishment which afterwards became almost identified with him; one of his chief recommendations being that he was what is technically termed 'a good pacer.' This qualification, however, seems now to have fallen into disrepute, if we may judge by limited personal experience; we ought therefore, perhaps, to pass it over, except that it is still to be heard of in the frequently advertised 'clever park hack.' Shakspeare's use of the corresponding verb proves that

in his dark ages at least, no necessary slight was implied in the idea, or he would hardly speak approvingly of one 'long hackneyed in the ways of men.'

So much for the primary signification of the expression ; the change which in our time, and long before us, has come over it, scarcely needs pointing out. We can at once foretell the spirit in which the great Home Office difficulty is to be treated when the London 'growler' is gratuitously designated a 'hack cab.' When we say that a song, or a quotation, or a topic has arrived at the hackneyed stage, we immediately proceed to forget its intrinsic merit. And when we pronounce a volume of essays, of romance, or of verse, to be the work of a literary hack, we consider—perhaps rightly, perhaps wrongly—that the force of contemptuous criticism can very little further go.

The fact indeed is an accepted one. Amongst all the oxen who want to become war-horses, the amateurs and semi-amateurs who long now-a-days for a literary career, the young lords who wish to turn playwrights and novelists, the young ladies who desire to gush to the world instead of to their school friends, and the young gentlemen who hope to turn the Government Office into the private study—amongst all these *jejune* aspirants who cherish private, or perchance public, ambition for eminence in some little world of letters, none deliberately chooses at the outset the life of a literary hack. Such a hint to his fancy, were it given by an injudicious adviser, would be indignantly rejected, or perhaps laughed off as an unnecessary and uncomfortable suggestion of ill-luck. One of our young friends will empty the theatre and its trusting manager's pocket, another will fill the waste paper basket of hard-hearted editors and the pigeon-holes of publishers, while a third will neither empty nor fill anything except perhaps his ink-pot ; and all may possibly, nay probably, fail as what they would call 'regular' authors. But after all it is better, they think, to meet failure such as this than the success attained by a mere hack. Why the very name is one to be ashamed of rather than to covet !

This depreciation, however, in the accepted value of the position, dates so far back that we almost begin to doubt whether a *literary* hack was ever held in very much higher estimation than he is now. We cannot forget poor Goldsmith's sympathetic epitaph on Edward Pardon—a contemporary and friend of his own who took to literature in middle age and, so far as we know, succeeded in living by its aid for years :—

Here lies poor Ned Pardon, from misery freed,
Who long was a booksellers' hack ;
He led such a damnable life in this world
I don't think he'll want to come back.

Now, these lines were written of a man who translated Voltaire's 'Henriade' and was a copious contributor to the minor literature of the day.

There is, then, and has long been a *soupçon*, and more than a *soupçon*, of contempt in this ordinary use of the word hack. The hint of unworthiness is not, as we have seen, justified in the primary signification of the name; so it may perhaps be not uninteresting to enquire whence comes the transition of meaning, and how far the term in its present acceptation is fair towards those whom it affects and describes. The bad name mentioned in the old proverb is evidently intended to be given: let us see whether it will be well to carry out the sentence which naturally follows] upon that gift, and to hang the miserable dog upon the gallows provided by society for those whom it uses but despises.

To take the latter part of the enquiry first, we may remark that the current idea concerning the numerous tribe of literary hacks is naturally enough founded upon the motives conveyed to us by such mention as there is to be found in literature of the race in days gone by. There flit before the mind's eye visions of those hard old taskmasters, Osborn, Cave, Miller, and, hardest of all, Jacob Tonson the elder, as he appears in his portrait; holding in his hand a volume of Milton's five-pound epic, of which he had obtained the copyright. There present themselves to our recollection dim memories of the intellectual giants whom we have always been accustomed to associate with poverty. We see Dr. Johnson writing 'Rasselas' in a fortnight, in order to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, Goldsmith chaining down his bright humour to grind out children's histories for payment of his debts, and Dryden manufacturing ten thousand verses to order for sixpence each. We recall these great names only to note how they rose triumphantly above their thralls; but there recur to the memory also a host of smaller fry, who at these times used to execute booksellers' orders, and who sank literally into what have been graphically called 'doomed labourers.' It was of these authors that Adam Smith spoke in his 'Wealth of Nations' with haughty philosophic indifference: 'Before the invention of printing the only employment by which a man of letters could make anything by his talents was that of a public or private teacher, or by communicating to other people the various and useful knowledge which he had acquired himself; and this is surely a more honourable, a more useful, and in general even a more profitable employment than that of *writing for a bookseller*, to which the art of printing has given occasion.' By the elder Disraeli, in his interesting notes upon the subject, an even lower position is assigned to these 'authors by profession;' of whom he wrote that 'by vile artifices of

faction and popularity their moral sense is injured and the literary character sits in that study which he ought to dignify, merely, as one of them sings :

‘To keep his mutton twirling by the fire.’

Now, although we do not for a moment grant that there exists now any slavery in the world of letters to be compared to that which was common some hundred and thirty years ago, it may be well to observe how even this miserably degrading state of things was unable to check amongst its victims the ebullition of real genius. It would be impossible to frame any definition of the booksellers’ hack, which should exclude the names [of some of England’s greatest authors—men, who from the want of private means, from natural improvidence, from generous dissipations, or from private misfortunes, were driven to this way of keeping body and soul together, just as now-a-days they would write brilliant ‘potboilers’ for the magazines and reviews. In those very ten thousand lines of Dryden’s to which we have alluded, there was thrown in as a makeweight one of the most glorious odes in the language. Though the bulk of Smollett’s voluminous productions consisted of dull voyages and translations which poverty compelled him to scribble by the yard, his hack-work did not prevent his bequeathing to posterity some of the richest and most admirable pictures of human life that we possess.

Of course it will be answered to this, and answered fairly enough, that such instances as these are but the few noble exceptions to the general rule of degradation, and that most of the efforts of these old booksellers’ hacks are as dead as they are themselves. But since this is undeniably the case, can it be matter for wonder that the ideas connected with modern literary hacks should have become involuntarily tinged with the contemptuous pity bestowed upon their distant ancestors, or that they should be condemned, like so many of us are, for the faults of relations? And yet it is evident that with the fall of the cramping system of patronage, with the enormous increase in the numbers of readers and book-buyers, with the spread of independent public criticism of all written matter by the press, and with the present facilities for introducing comparatively unknown authors to the world—in fact, with the gigantic strides made by education and by free trade—the whole book-selling and book-writing conditions of existence have been revolutionised.

If there are still literal booksellers’ hacks, these are comparatively few in number, and form a proportionately unimportant element in the profession of *belles lettres*; unless indeed we could consent loosely to include in their ranks those other much-maligned writers of whom we are speaking. There must of course necessarily be some amount of

technical, almost of clerical, work to be done in connection with publications of a certain class—work which we believe is paid for as well as most employment of its kind; but those who perform it cannot be considered to take the place of the gentlemen whose precarious lives Goldsmith designated by so strong an adjective. The literary hack of to-day lives by labours widely different to these: if his audience is not very critical it is at least very numerous; if it has not much intelligence it is, nevertheless, very constant in its demands upon intelligence. Whatever profession or occupation he may once have intended to take up—a clerkship, a cure, a medical practice, or, most probably of all, the Bar—his energies are now principally or entirely devoted to one absorbing occupation, an occupation perhaps more exacting, more exhausting, and more trying than any which it has entered into the minds of the publishers to conceive. Need we say that we allude to the pursuit, as a pursuit, of periodical literature? The hack may have tried, and tried successfully, various other paths in life, literary paths many of them. His youthful romance, ‘Constance, or the Last Straw,’ that first brought him before the public, may still be remembered by others as well as by himself with pleasure; not *all* the copies of his ‘Gotham and other Poems’ may remain on their publisher’s shelves, and his little volume on ‘The Stage and its Votaries’ may have realised some small profit even to its author. But still, for some reason or another, from want of ambition, of steady perseverance, or of immediate bread and instant cheese, he has drifted into the newspapers and the magazines as naturally and as rapidly as an unmoored boat drifts into the open sea.

At first he meant very possibly to make his literary efforts a pleasant accessory to his other employments and his income—to live, in fact, to write—he now finds, by some chance or other, that he must write to live. And he writes accordingly—writes anything that comes to hand, anything that occurs to him or to the editors who rely on his powers. A short story for this magazine, verses to a picture in that, an essay for a weekly review, or paragraphs for a daily paper—all he considers to be fish that comes to his net, or rather that he supplies to the nets of others. He is ready at a moment’s notice to give you a serious, a lively, a flippant, or a thoughtful report of anything which may be going on in the great world around us; if he is eminent in his vocation, he can for a limited space make almost any topic pleasant and almost any subject interesting. Let an ordinary man of business supply our artist with the most solid technical facts possible—nay, even with statistics—and they shall be so worked up, so ingeniously and deftly woven into one homogeneous and readable whole, that their originator shall scarcely recognise in the fabric the materials which his experience provided. At correspondence, particularly if it be special, the literary hack is great when he gets a

chance of distinguishing himself. He writes with the encouraging knowledge that his effusions will be read at once by thousands, that he is indicting contemporary history which will be pursued with an eagerness such as no other history can command. He has to rely almost entirely upon his own innate resources, upon his observation, his logical powers, and his discrimination. His life is for the time a life of excitement—excitement which it must be his aim to impart to his readers at home. The demands upon his energies, his enterprise, and his intelligence are now greater than ever, heavy though they have always been since he first gave himself up to periodical literature.

It will doubtless be objected to all this, that the picture we are painting is entirely *couleur de rose*, that the combination here outlined is a rare one, and that the man who worked most of these fields of literature must, of necessity, have risen beyond the mere literary hack. We contend, however, that this is not so. Such authors as these, though by no means plentiful, nevertheless do exist, and that in almost sufficient numbers to supply the steady demand for them which there naturally is in the market of letters. Moreover, we hold that, notwithstanding their great abilities, their assured position, and the good remuneration which they fairly command; notwithstanding the deference paid to them by society, and the high reputation which they enjoy, they are still essentially and in reality literary hacks. The works which they give to the public, valuable though they are, have been penned to order, and are as thoroughly hackney, in the proper meaning of the word, as is a carriage, however perfect it may be, which is habitually let out for hire.

They write, not like the poet who pours out his soul because he feels that he has within him a conception which he *must* give to the world; not like the romancer, who lives with and loves the characters of his tales; not like the philosopher, who performs a noble duty because he knows that he has special capabilities for it, and that it will be of value to his fellow-men; and not, like any of these, with money for an indirect object. They set about their tasks not even because they love them; and whatever may be the result of their labours, these are undertaken first and foremost for the sake of the reward which they will command. Such fame as they might obtain is frequently placed entirely out of the question, for many of their best efforts are, in accordance with custom, obliged to be anonymous.

The abilities necessary to our ideal literary hack are very varied and very considerable, as will at once be obvious to anyone who has tried to express himself on paper as fluently and nearly as rapidly as he could in conversation, or who has ever attempted to concoct a bright and amusing letter out of nothing. Of course much of this ease and

brilliancy comes from habit and from long practice—much, but not all. There must be expressed a rapidity of thought as well as of expression, a fertility of ideas, and a certain happy turn of mind, which is not given to all nor even to many of us, and there must also be the quick perception of the public taste, and the delicate appreciation of its ever-varying shades, which no length of experience alone could possibly attain. The accomplished hack must find a mood for everything, and must treat everything in its proper tone. He must, too, in these comparatively well-educated times, have no mean power over the language which he writes. Even though our own composition may be defective, a good many of us know now whether we are reading English or slipshod. These high and rare capacities are, as we have said, those of a literary hack who has climbed to the topmost rung of the ladder to which he has set foot, and are not, we need hardly say, to be found in such perfection in all of his brethren. But found to some extent they must be, in even the most ordinary of hacks, or he will find his profession closed to his efforts, and his occupation fail him at the outset. He *must* be ready, he *must* be fluent, and he *must* possess shrewdness and tact; his very existence will depend upon these things, as he will soon discover from his communications with editors should his right hand chance to forget her cunning.

The hack-cab must in some way be convenient, or no one will continue to hire it. Incredible to many though the statement may seem, if we may judge by the oft-expressed opinions which we hear, there *are* certain talents, and these of no mean order, which are absolutely indispensable for even decent success in the career of a literary hack.

How unjust, then, is the popular slur cast upon authors such as we have described—and we have sketched the only real literary hacks of the present time—by their associations in name and idea with the old-fashioned booksellers' drudge! The practical difference between them is not merely one of employers, not—the distinction between hack-work performed for a grinding bookseller and the same done to the order of the editor of a modern periodical. The common slave of a Tonson, was hardly even a prototype of the man whom we persist in assuming to be his descendent; this indeed he scarcely could be with few of the opportunities, less of the pay, and none of the advantages accorded to his more fortunate successor. Such originality and purity of thought as he might once have possessed were ordinarily crushed out of him by the heavy treatises, the dull translations, the party pamphlets, the histories and the geographies demanded of him by the taste of his age and of his masters. It certainly was not the fault of the booksellers' hack that he seldom rose above the low level assigned to him in the history of letters; but it as certainly is not the fault of the hack of

to-day that the name which he bears is dishonoured and ridiculed by his contemporaries.

This prejudice is moreover as irrational as it is unjust; but as this is the case with most prejudices, we need not perhaps dwell here upon this view of the matter. Although, however, we cannot allow it to have any reason, some of the causes which originated this slighting contempt for literary hacks are not, we think, very far to seek. There is in the weak human mind, more particularly in the English mind, an instinctive want of respect for all those who have selected for the occupation of their lives the amusement of ours, a feeling which is to be seen in our treatment of actors, of noted humorists, and even of the joke-makers and pleasant companions of the dinner-table. We are grateful enough in a certain way for their ministrations to our pleasure, and accept them amicably enough, but we do not somehow quite believe in the givers; indeed, laughter itself is explained by some philosophers as the expression of conscious superiority.

There is again a wide-spread distrust of men, and especially of authors, who seem to possess no distinct *spécialités*, who are prepared and accustomed to treat of so many and so various subjects, whose pens are those of such very ready writers. We do not like to recognise Jacks-of-all-trades, when the trades of which most of us are masters are so exceedingly limited in number and in skill. And, lastly, the writers whose words so large a proportion of readers accept as their sole mental food are accused of being superficial; a charge as natural as that of the intoxicated man who challenges the sobriety of everyone he chances to meet. This accusation of superficialness is of course in many cases a just one; since the author who attempted to be anything *but* superficial in most periodicals would never have the chance of making such a blunder again. He would evidently have entirely missed his *métier*; since he is catering for a general—a very general—company, nine-tenths of whom would be hopelessly out of their depth long before even the writer got out of his. The literary hack may frequently write down to his patrons instead of raising them so much as he might, he may fall into many of the faults caused by haste and by over-anxiety to please, and his motives in writing at all may not be so elevated as those which actuate some of his brethren; but his merits far outnumber his defects, and we cannot believe that it is these last which have given him his undignified place in public estimation.

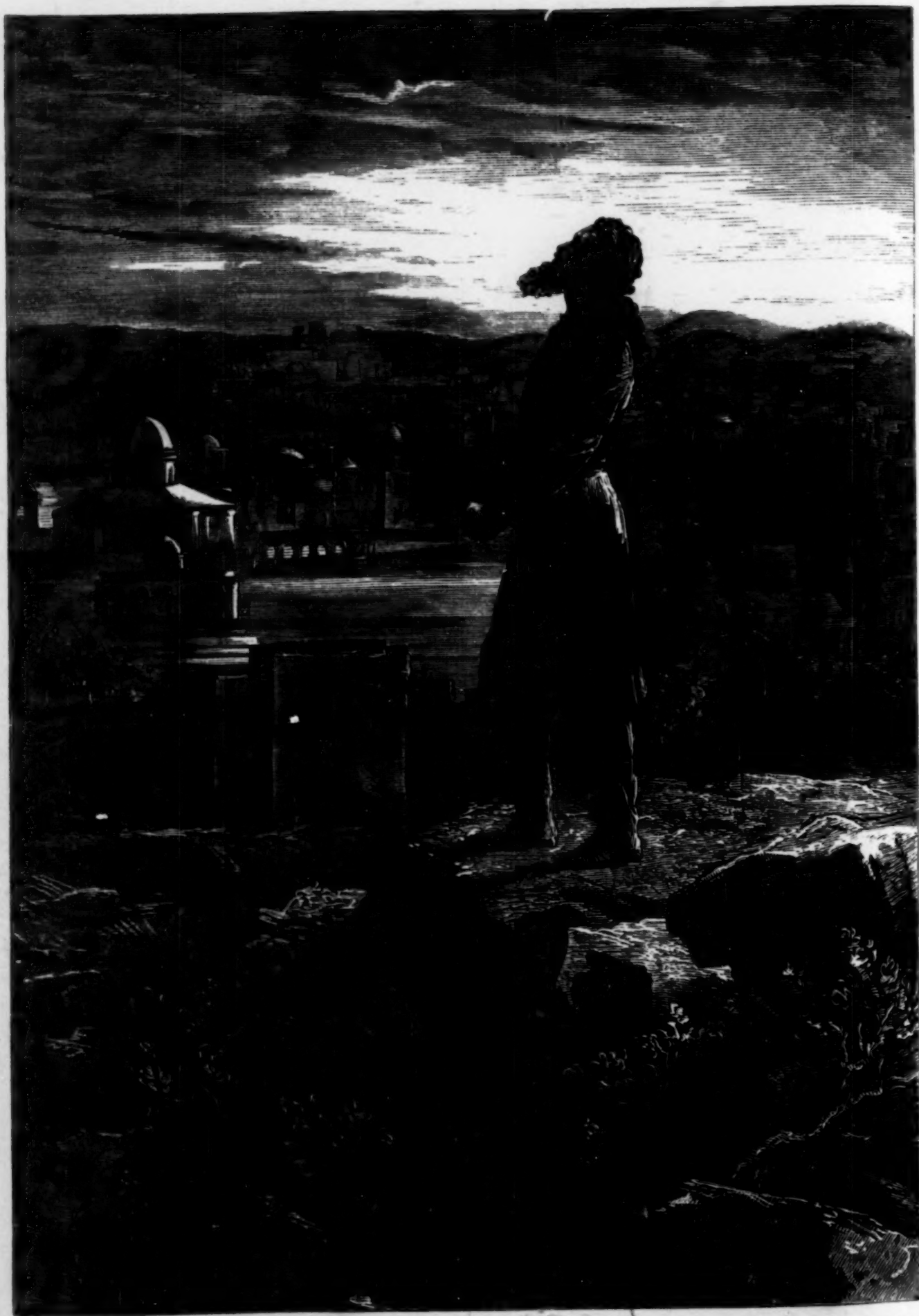
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DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON.

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‘JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.’